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The Week

WAR news took the headlines this week as Italy announced a major victory in a six-day battle on the northern front in which 5,000 Ethiopians were reported killed and 15,000 wounded, with Italian casualties placed at 500 killed and 1,000 wounded. No confirmation was received from Ethiopia. The long series of raids and "incidents," believed to be Japanese-inspired, along the border between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia have brought active resistance from the Mongolians, supported by their allies in the Soviet Union. The most serious engagement yet reported in these border clashes took place on Wednesday, with eight soldiers of a Japanese-Manchukuoan force killed and seven Mongolians wounded. As a routine matter, with the official explanation that the need did not just[illegible] announced the closing of its consulate in Mukden. Despite a war scare of considerable proportions in Manchukuo, Japanese military leaders minimized the danger of an outbreak, and later the atmosphere was definitely conciliatory in both Tokyo and Moscow. In France, after Leon Blum, sixty-year-old Socialist leader, had been dragged from his automobile and beaten by a group of Royalists, the government issued a decree dissolving the Royalist organizations, Action Française and Camelots du Roi. The People's Front replied to the attack on Blum with a demonstration in Paris on Sunday in which 100,000 persons took part. From Istanbul came announcement that the four Mohammedan powers—Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq and Turkey—had agreed upon a mutual non-aggression pact to keep peace in Western Asia.

APPROVAL of the constitutionality of the T.V.A. by the Supreme Court overshadowed all other domestic news of the week, and the size of the eight-to-one majority provided the New Deal with its most heartening legal support in many months. Administration leaders in both houses of Congress were actively at work to bring about the adoption of the substitute farm program, based on a scheme of soil control, and on the extension of the present temporary neutrality legislation for another year. The President was reported as favoring plans for a new ten-year housing program, with $300,000,000 to be spent in the first year, principally for slum clearance, and Senator Wagner gave assurances that the government planned to provide housing only for the lowest-income groups, which private capital is unable to reach. This housing would in no sense compete with private enterprise. Favorable responses were reported from Central and South America to President Roosevelt's suggestion for an Inter-American Conference to consolidate peace in the Western Hemisphere, and Buenos Aires was tentatively chosen as a meeting place. During the same week the House of Representatives adopted the military-appropriation bill calling for a gross expenditure of $545,226,318, of which $376,888,333 was for purely military purposes, the largest peacetime budget in the history of the United States. Widespread dissatisfaction and hardship caused by the inadequacy and inefficiency of the

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York City in a demonstration in which 15,000 took part.

AS THE French Chamber of Deputies approaches ratification of the mutual-assistance pact with the Soviet Union, and as Austria and other nations in Southeastern Europe are brought more closely into the French orbit by negotiations with the members of the Little Entente, Germany expresses fears of the renewal of the old "iron ring" about her. There is no doubt whatever that she is right; this is encirclement such as was built up before 1914; only it is a much more powerful one. Russia is immensely stronger as a military power now than she was then; Austria was formerly a secure ally of Germany and was then a far more potent force; Germany herself has lost resources and territory. But there are important differences. None of the nations in the circle wants war or cherishes designs for territorial aggression. On the other hand, Germany under Hitler is suspected by all of aggressive military designs, and with good reason. A nation that accepts as dictator a man who loudly proclaimed his intention to "rectify" frontiers by force if necessary, and one that strains every sinew to build up its armed forces and to prepare the public mind for war cannot complain if its neighbors make defensive arrangements. Meanwhile the internal policy of Hitler continues to arouse as many apprehensions as possible. Persecution of Jews, Catholics and Protestants as well as of all forces on the Left suspected of pacifism is intensified, and the power of the secret police is extended.

SWEEPING gains were made by the leftist coalition in the general election in Spain. Rejoicing in the streets by sympathizers of the Left, who lay claim to a clear majority of 246 of the 473 seats in the national Cortes, was used as the excuse for repressive measures by police and the military. Widespread rioting took place in the attempt to release political prisoners and many extreme conservatives and monarchists fled to Gibraltar and nearby Mediterranean ports. The Portela government, called upon to resign, refused to do so and instead proclaimed a state of alarm, the first step toward martial law. This was later relaxed as the general excitement quieted down. Meanwhile the forces of the Right, led by the fascist-minded Conservative Republican, Gil Robles, are making a counter-claim that a Centrist-Right coalition controls 260 votes and should be asked to form the next government. Actually, many of the elections were very close and the exact make-up of the Cortes will not be determined until the run-off elections are held on March 1. While these events were taking place in Spain, violence broke out in Spanish America as a militarist group seized control of the government of Paraguay. This overturn was completely different from the parliamentary and popular victory in the mother country. Apparently the army regiments in Paraguay, returning from the victorious but bloody Chaco war and dissatisfied with the seeming mildness of the peace terms, forcibly took control with the intention of establishing Colonel Rafael Franco, hero of the Chaco, as provisional President.

SENATOR Key Pittman is entitled to our gratitude on at least one count. He has now come forward and said openly the things that our worst jingoes believe but are usually too discreet to utter. Senator Pittman has attacked Japan on the ground that she intends to dominate the Orient and has frankly threatened that the United States will prevent this by force of arms. He holds that "by every obligation imposed upon a government it is our duty in honor and in good conscience to defend and protect our citizens and those dependent upon us for protection, not only in the Far Pacific, but wherever they may be." It may interest Senator Pittman to know that there are millions of his fellow Americans who do not believe any such thing and in fact regard it as the most vicious sort of inflammatory nonsense—particularly when coming from the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the man who has been in charge of the administration's neutrality bill. These Americans maintain that it is the business of our army and navy to defend our own shores and nothing else. They believe that trade and investment in other parts of the world should be at the traders' and investors' own risk. They consider that even from the sordid financial point of view it would be the craziest folly to spend billions of dollars for armament in protection of trade worth less than half a billion a year. It would be still greater folly to embark upon a war that would probably cost many billions and perhaps destroy the very fabric of our civilization. Americans who hold this point of view should not forget, however, that while few government officials are so recklessly frank as Senator Pittman, he is not alone in his views. Indeed, the policy he advocates is in fact the tacit policy of the United States government at this moment. Either we are spending on armament a billion dollars a year for just this purpose, or for nothing at all.

POSSIBLY it can't happen in America, but it can happen in Hollywood. That never-never land of Will Hays's head and Greta Garbo's feet has laws and customs beyond the normal ken. This much is true. Nice, fat prices were paid for the screen rights to Sinclair Lewis' novel, "It Can't Happen Here." Adapters, casters, scene designers and what not were set to work, and the picture was duly inscribed on the production schedule. Then something happened. "There ain't gonna be no picture, see?" Sinclair Lewis arose with an enraged cry of "Censorship!" and pointed the finger at Will H. Hays. The boy wonder of the Harding campaign, sometime bond collector, Postmaster General and now for years master of morals in filmlandia, said

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miles passed as our Will rattled across the country on a limited, and then he beamed upon the press at a station stop. He made flat denial; he didn't stop the picture, there is no censorship. Obligingly Louis B. Mayer arose in Hollywood to take the rap. Not Hays, but he, killed Cock Robin "because it would cost too much." Even so, a seemingly truthful Hollywoodian reaffirmed that Hays had "advised against" the picture because it might offend the governments of Mussolini and Hitler. Overseas cables carried expressions of open delight in Berlin and Rome at news of the ban, and meanwhile the impious suggestion that the whole business might be a publicity stunt for a picture that would be made, after all, was indignantly denied. Queer happenings these, from the industry that gave us "Red Salute" and "Soak the Rich," and from the M-G-M Company that showed how to treat labor—firmly—in that "Riffraff" picture with Jean Harlow making love among the tuna fish. What are the boys trying to do—prove that there really is fascism in America?

DOES any bright boy or girl in the last row remember away back to October 23 of last year? On that date, William Randolph Hearst shook California's alkaline dust from his shoes and left the state forever, amid a vast uproar of publicity in—oddly enough—the Hearst press. Reason: state income taxes. There was, however, a singular lack of similar uproar in January, when Mr. Hearst went back to California for another stay of indefinite length. We are reminded of this fact by an item of news we garner from Rob Wagner's always informative California magazine, Script. As everyone recalls, some months before Mr. Hearst deserted and defied his homeland the entire movie colony had threatened to do the same thing. California had no respect for its premier industry, so that industry would go to Florida or New York. But from Script we learn that Selznick International Pictures, Inc., is moving its executive and distribution headquarters from New York to Hollywood. The official statement, by John Wharton, treasurer, quoted by Script from The Hollywood Citizen News, says:

> "Our own move is only the first of a series of westward transfers by the eight major companies.
>
> "This change has become imperative. No other industry in the world dares to center its factories more than 3,000 miles from its distribution and executive offices." . . .
>
> Mr. Wharton compared California's tax situation favorably to New York's.
>
> "Besides a state income tax—which seems to be California's chief worry—New York imposes whacking taxes on individuals and corporations," he declared. "New York also taxes for unemployment relief, on gross business receipts and real estate. New York City itself exacts heavy revenues."

We pause for a reply—which we won't get—from

TRAVELERS who have recently been in many American cities report that the propaganda in favor of wholesale sterilization of criminals and mental defectives has gained amazing headway. Many hardboiled Tories are even arguing that there is something fundamentally wrong with America's 11,500,000 or more of unemployed, that they can never be absorbed into industry and that the best thing for the country would be mass sterilization to prevent their numbers from growing. In the light of this tendency, unusual interest attaches to a report made a few weeks ago by a distinguished committee of the American Neurological Association. This committee finds it is not true, as some self-styled eugenists claim, that feeble-mindedness and mental disease are increasing at an alarming rate. Evidently the situation is like that in regard to cancer: cases are reported more adequately than in the old days, which produces an illusion of increase. After careful study, this committee states that we do not know enough about human heredity to "warrant the sterilization of people who are themselves normal in order to prevent the appearance in their descendants of manic-depressive psychosis, dementia precox, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, criminal conduct," etc. Criminality is hardly ever inborn or inherited, if at all; it arises from environmental factors that can be controlled. There is no reliable evidence that epilepsy is hereditary, and in the cases of dementia precox and the manic-depressive psychosis the environment is of tremendous importance. Some types of feeble-mindedness are hereditary, but some other apparent types are caused by environment and it is safe to assume that wholesale sterilization would result in great injustice to many individuals. Since there is no critical situation, the committee points out that there is no need for haste in adopting so-called eugenic measures.

DIRECTLY challenging William Randolph Hearst, editorial workers of The Wisconsin News, a Hearst paper in Milwaukee, went out on strike when the management refused to enter into a collective-bargaining agreement and attempted to restore the six-day week of pre-N.R.A. days. The strike was called by the local unit of the American Newspaper Guild, which reports that a total of twenty-seven out of thirty-five editorial workers responded. Morale is high, in spite of excessively cold weather, and the strikers are receiving the support of powerful labor and progressive groups. This is the third major strike called by the Newspaper Guild, the others being directed at The Newark Ledger and The Amsterdam News, and it is regarded as of crucial importance. The Hearst papers as a chain have consistently refused to bargain with the American Newspaper Guild, and Hearst's generally reactionary and repressive attitude toward labor and civil liberties is, of course, well known. Since the demise of the N.R.A., the hard-won fight for the five-day week for pay

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paper after paper has gone back to the six-day week. The American Newspaper Guild welcomes a direct contest on this issue, along with the associate issue of recognition as a bargaining unit, and surely the Guild members will have many to wish them well.

The Court and the T.V.A.

THE TWO most recent Supreme Court decisions, one invalidating Huey Long's Louisiana law which imposed discriminatory taxes on newspapers with large circulation, and one upholding the federal government's right to contract for the transmission of power under the T.V.A., are praiseworthy. In the one case the Court intervened to protect a fundamental constitutional guarantee—freedom of the press—and in the other it declined to interfere with what is probably the most clearly beneficial single policy of the New Deal.

Conservatives are using this occasion to twit those who have objected to the Schechter, Hoosac Mills and other decisions, those who advocate curbs on the power of the Supreme Court to declare legislation unconstitutional. How, they say, could you protect civil liberties if you had no Supreme Court to rule against laws that violate them? And how can you object to a court that will uphold the government in such a socialistic activity as the generation and sale of electric power? It is inconsistent and unsportsmanlike to criticize the Supreme Court when it decides against you, and then turn about and praise it when you like what it does. After all, this just proves that the Court is a great balance wheel with which we should not tamper.

The New Republic, for its part, hastens to assure those using these arguments that the two recent decisions have not in the least altered its attitude toward the question. We were not so foolish as to believe, when we discussed decisions that we did not like, that the Court would never endorse policies that we approve. Nor are we so blinded by the light of these new decisions that we hope for a continual series of victories for Congress in the future. Of the New Deal cases before the Court, the administration has won only two and lost six.

The argument made in the previous cases does not rest upon our approval or disapproval of the specific laws passed upon. We had criticized the N.R.A. severely, and the A.A.A. somewhat less so, before the Supreme Court threw them out. Nevertheless we deplored the decisions for the following reasons:

1. The power of the government to deal with economic and social questions of great importance should not be abridged. If the Court decides that Congress has not the power to enact bad legislation, it also prevents it from enacting good legislation.

2. The theory that the Court really does not consider the wisdom of policies embodied in legislation, but merely interprets the Constitution, is empty verbiage. It is affected by other things than compelling legal logic. And, whatever its course of reasoning, it does control policy. If we are to have a supreme policy body, it ought, in a democracy, to be a responsible one that can be removed or reversed by democratic process, and it ought to be expert in the matters that it decides. It ought to be able to act positively as well as negatively—to recommend policies as well as to veto them.

3. The uncertainty and delay caused by the continual challenge of constitutionality in the courts in itself makes the government weak, no matter what the Court eventually decides in particular cases. Congress, not knowing what the Court may do, hesitates to pass effective laws, or sacrifices sound principles of administration in an effort to get round the Court (as in the new farm legislation). Once a law is passed, it cannot be enforced until the Supreme Court validates it, if it is widely challenged (as in the Wagner Labor Disputes Act).

The argument that we cannot keep in the Court power to protect civil liberties without at the same time allowing it to review the whole field of social and economic legislation seems to us a non-sequitur. The powers of Congress or of the states may be extended in desired directions by constitutional revision without abolishing the Court altogether, and without abrogating such things as the freedom of the press, of speech and assembly, or the right of a fair trial. Or the power of the Court itself to declare laws unconstitutional may be restricted by requiring more than a mere majority without depriving it of that power altogether.

In any case civil liberties are in a precarious state if a Supreme Court must be our main reliance for their protection. Freedom of the press does not exist simply because a few powerful newspapers in Louisiana are safeguarded against hostile taxation. We must have legislatures and Congresses that respect the fundamental rights of the people, executives, inferior judges and prosecutors that protect them. We must have a strong political party representing the interests of the masses, and organized economic power of the workers and farmers behind that party. Private wealth in the United States abrogates more liberties in a month than the Supreme Court can protect in a year. Even the Supreme Court may not protect the liberties that come before it for adjudication if war psychology or fascist tendencies gain the upper hand. Economic confusion and social anarchy, if allowed to continue, will germinate conflicts that are certain to destroy our liberties, no matter what kind of Court we have.

Liberty is a positive purpose, not an absence of restraint. It assumes meaning only when interpreted against the background of a coherent social system that seeks common and consistent objectives, asserted by the masses of the nation. Unless government can exert power to deal with the forces that throw our economic order into chaos, negative provisions against infraction of abstract liberties may

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The Scandalous W.P.A.

THE Works Progress Administration has been in the news several times lately for reasons most of which cannot make Administrator Hopkins or President Roosevelt particularly happy. In New York City, W.P.A. workers in several instances have charged, with apparent justice, that they have received treatment hardly appropriate to a civilized country. In that community a parade of W.P.A. men last Saturday for the purpose of making public protest was broken up by the police with the most savage brutality and Representative Vito Marcantonio and others were arrested under remarkable circumstances which are described in another article in this issue. From Washington come reports that when the W.P.A. money runs out, this spring, no new appropriation will be asked, but funds will be transferred from other agencies.

The American Association of Social Workers, which has just been holding its annual conference in Washington, declares that conditions are now worse than at any time during the Roosevelt administration or even—save the mark!—the last few months of Hoover's. Members of this Association from seventy-five chapters scattered through all of the forty-eight states say that the present policy is giving "low-grade pauper treatment over wide areas." The Association entirely confirms the analysis of present relief in The New Republic's editorial of January 1, 1936, "Liquidate the W.P.A.!" and recommends substantially the same program we advocated at that time.

The facts in this matter are now fairly well known and need only a brief summary here. President Roosevelt's great idea of giving a job to one person in every family on relief, and turning back to the states and cities the care of all families without such an employable person was a grandiose scheme that was foredoomed to failure. For this there are several reasons. Many months, perhaps years, of advance planning would have been necessary to put such a scheme into effect. A tremendous sum of money would have been required, far more than the $4,000,000,000 that the President talked about or the sum, vastly smaller, that was finally released. In order to find sensible projects for all these men and all this money, the existing restrictions as to not competing with private enterprise, etc., would need to be dropped. Since it is physically impossible to provide for all of the unemployed work for which they are properly qualified, this attempt should never have been made. Finally, neither 1,500,000 families nor any other number should have been turned back to the cities and states without knowing that the money was available to take care of them.

None of these things was done and the W.P.A. is a mess that becomes more malodorous every day. To say this is not to disparage Mr. Hopkins and his loyal lieutenants who have labored heroically to carry out a plan that was none of their [illegible] in which, it is obvious, they have never believed for a moment. From all over the country come reports of desperate conditions. Over large areas, the money is rapidly being exhausted and no one knows what is coming. Federal transient relief has been entirely stopped for new applicants, and evidently a fruit of this policy is the barbarous action of the Los Angeles City Police in stationing officers at the California state line, hundreds of miles away, to turn back all poor people heading West.

Many useful projects of the Public Works Administration were sidetracked for the sake of the new policy, some of them after large sums had been spent. Other government activities, such as Rural Resettlement, have been cut down to a pittance and the officials do not know how much longer they will receive even that. From all sides come reports of W.P.A. projects that are of little significance or importance. Less than six percent of the total is available for white-collar workers, despite the desperate need of many persons in this group. When you can recruit the nucleus of a symphony orchestra from among ditch diggers in a single locality, you get some conception of the waste of human skills.

Equally ominous are the reports from every part of the country of outrageous squandering of money, of graft and political favoritism. The Emergency Relief Administration throughout the country, which was just beginning to learn its job after two and one-half years' experience, is disintegrating. The number of unemployed does not diminish and the proportion of the jobless who are seeking relief is rising with alarming speed as more and more families exhaust their last resource. The hardships caused by discrimination against those now coming on the relief rolls for the first time have repeatedly been aired, in our columns and elsewhere. More than 20,000,000 Americans, half of whom are children, are living on a scale which in the best localities is barely adequate to sustain life and at worst is far below that level. We are likely to pay dearly for this deterioration in our human stock.

President Roosevelt once proclaimed himself the quarterback of a football team. With engaging frankness, he promised that if he made a mistake he was prepared to drop it and try something else. Has he the moral stature to admit now that the W.P.A. was a hasty and grandiose political gesture, that it is a wretched failure and should be abolished? After all, the sound and sensible principles of relief and public works are no secret. They have been tested over many years in the experience of a dozen countries. We have stated them many times in The New Republic and most of them were reiterated by the social workers last week. They are:

1. Every unemployed person and his family should have relief as soon and as long as is necessary, on a scale to make possible a decent standard of living.

2. Public works should be on a scale consonant with the degree of depression and should consist

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tilious fear of competing with private industry.

3. Labor for public works should be recruited among properly skilled persons, whether unemployed or not.

4. The wages to be paid should be the going rate in private industry, and union scales where these exist.

5. The government should create a permanent, nationwide employment service such as Congress has already authorized, from which we can know how many are unemployed at any given time and who they are, both for the purpose of finding new jobs and for determining who is entitled to relief.

6. The main burden of relief should be borne by the federal government and supported out of taxes, for the obvious reason that the country's wealth and earning power are not uniformly distributed and that there is no necessary relation between the relief problem in any community and the amount of money available in that community.

Mr. Roosevelt, it is generally agreed, is cutting down on relief expenditures for political reasons; he is seeking favor among those who live by the fetish of economy and a balanced budget. But surely he must recognize by now that nothing he can do will make him popular with these gentry in any case. As matters now stand, he is in grave danger of losing the election by going over from his former friends to his present—and future—enemies. We can think of nothing so likely to rehabilitate him with the mass of plain citizens as the creation of an honest and sensible plan for dealing with relief.

Artists and Museums

AT THE American Artists' Congress, held in New York City, February 14-16, one of the topics that aroused the bitterest discussion and the most enthusiasm was the proposal that all museums should pay artists a moderate rental fee for the pictures they display.

American art museums are not profit-making institutions. On the other hand, the support they receive from rich benefactors or from city governments partly depends on the interest that the public takes in them. And this interest in turn largely depends on the work of living artists. In fact, more and more of the public art exhibitions in this country are exhibitions of contemporary American painting—since exhibitions of classical or contemporary work from Europe are so expensive to assemble. Living artists in general receive no fee whatever for sending their pictures to these exhibitions. Sometimes they are given prizes, not many of which are large. They are also given the prospect that one of their paintings may be bought by the museum holding the exhibition—but most of these museums are notoriously indifferent to contemporary work, and prefer to spend their income for French or Italian classics. The hesitation of the persons on relief. A permit had been granted for

any contemporary work, in spite of having a special fund, the Hearn Fund, for that purpose, is a matter of resentment to most artists.

The proposal for a rental fee was originated by the American Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, the nearest thing in the world of art to the Authors' League—that is, the nearest thing to a trade union among the artists of general standing. After two years of discussion, it was decided that a rental fee of one percent of the price of a work of art should be charged monthly, with a minimum fee of $1 per month and a maximum of $10. This moderate rental fee would not mean a great deal to the museums, but it would mean a great deal to many artists whose incomes have suffered perhaps more during the depression than those of professional people in general. When the resolution embodying these terms was put to a vote, only seven members of the society opposed it. But afterwards many arguments were brought against it, most of them probably inspired by the opposition of the museum directors.

These directors—who in this case became the manufacturers' association trying to break a trade union—held a meeting and solemnly resolved that "We unanimously refuse to take [for exhibition] a painting, piece of sculpture or print to which a dealer's or an artist's charge is attached." The battle has been joined on these lines. Already it is developing like a customary labor battle, with scabbing on one side and wild speeches on the other. It would not be hard to imagine the artists picketing on Fifth Avenue with big signs reading "The Metropolitan Museum Is Unfair to Organized Labor." At any rate, the Painters, Sculptors and Gravers have recently accepted thirty new members, all well known artists, who signed the pledge not to exhibit in any museum without receiving the rental fee. A few museums—liberal employers—like the Whitney Museum, the Roerich Museum, the San Francisco Museum, the Grand Rapids Art Gallery—are now paying rental fees. And the artists assembled at the American Artists' Congress were extremely favorable toward the suggestion to join collectively in this labor battle of the art world.

The Cossacks Came Back

MAYOR LaGuardia of New York City has always called himself a liberal and has gained much support on that theory. It is surprising, therefore, to find New York City police going back to the brutal tactics of the days of former Mayor Walker and, indeed, carrying them farther in one particular than the debonair Jimmie ever thought of doing.

On Saturday, February 15, a mass metting of 15,000 persons was held in Madison Square, most of the participants being W. P. A. workers or other

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Building, 111 Eighth Avenue, where the W. P. A. headquarters are located. Among the speakers at the meeting was Representative Vito Marcantonio, a progressive member of Congress from New York City and a friend and former associate of Mayor LaGuardia. When the crowd assembled in Madison Square tried to march to the Port Authority Building police told them this was forbidden.

Nearly every newspaper in New York reported that the crowd, with Mr. Marcantonio at its head, defied the police and tried to parade down Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets. Persons in a position to know tell us this statement is false; that Mr. Marcantonio said, "All right, we'll walk on the sidewalk," and attempted to marshal his followers for the purpose. At any rate, there is no disputing what next happened. The police began beating up everyone they could reach, including Mr. Marcantonio, who was savagely kicked and thrown violently into a patrol wagon. He and twelve other persons were taken to the police station, where a pretty little idea of Police Commissioner Valentine's was put into force. Mr. Marcantonio was not arrested, but was held for some hours in "protective custody," as were some of his companions. Protective custody is an old device in the dictator-ridden countries of Europe, when a prisoner is taken secretly and the authorities do not wish to admit he has been arrested. In the case of Mr. Marcantonio, this evaded a provision of the Constitution, since a member of Congress cannot be arrested for a misdemeanor while that body is in session.

Some time later, Mr. Marcantonio and his companions were released. Several of them had been arrested and booked, but the requirement for immediate arraignment before a magistrate was ignored and they were simply "unbooked," so to speak—in itself an illegal procedure. This is all extremely queer business to be going on in a city with a liberal mayor and a progressive administration.

Frame-Up in Brooklyn

IN BROOKLYN, New York City, many of the employees of the May department store have for some time been on strike, seeking decent living wages and working conditions. They have, incidentally, had the assistance of the League of Women Shoppers, which has rendered such signal service in a number of recent strikes in the New York City area. One of the leaders of the May store strike, Miss Elsie Minokian, was recently the victim of as outrageous and transparent a frame-up as has come to our attention in a long time.

Miss Minokian received a telephone call from an unidentified individual who said he could give her evidence that there were spies in the ranks of the union and asked her to meet him in a railroad station. After consulting other union leaders, Miss Minokian kept the appointment, accompanied by a Western Union messenger came up, asked her if her name was "Elsie" and handed her a package and a letter. The letter stated that the package contained photostatic copies of documents incriminating the "spies" and said that since these were not dry, they should not be opened for several hours. Miss Minokian and her companions started back to strike headquarters and were arrested on the street by detectives who had received a telephone message—also anonymous—that "a woman and a man" were walking down the street carrying a bomb. The package when opened contained a bottle of valeric acid, a stench-producing liquid. The Western Union messenger boy was subsequently found, and said that "a man in a gray fedora hat and brown overcoat" had hired him to deliver a package to a girl in the railroad waiting-room, called "Elsie."

Miss Minokian and one of her male companions were arraigned before Magistrate Sabbatino and held for trial in Special Sessions. Persons present in the courtroom say that Magistrate Sabbatino acted throughout the hearing with the utmost hostility to the May store strikers, badgering them on the witness stand, seeking to close the case before the defense had even been heard, charging the defense attorney with being un-American, and saying, "I would not believe you under oath." Subsequently the case was taken before the Supreme Court on a writ of habeas corpus, and the defendants were dismissed on the same evidence that Magistrate Sabbatino had already heard. This same Magistrate, meanwhile, continues to sit in further cases arising from the May strike, holding in heavy bail strikers arrested on the picket line. His attitude differs markedly from that of Magistrate Charles Solomon, who a few days ago discharged eight pickets who had been arrested, refused to permit the attorney for the store to take part in court proceedings, as Magistrate Sabbatino had done, and had him forcibly removed from court when he refused to leave. It is welcome news that Mayor LaGuardia has appointed a committee of five Brooklyn citizens to investigate the May strike in all its phases, including the conduct of the police.

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Dramatis Personae: 1896-1902

I: *Lady Gregory and George Moore*

LADY Gregory, as I first knew her, was a plainly dressed woman of forty-five, without obvious good looks, except the charm that comes from strength, intelligence and kindness. One who knew her at an earlier date, speaks of dark skin, of an extreme vitality, and a portrait by Mrs. Stillman that may have flattered shows considerable beauty. When her husband died, she had given up her London house, had devoted herself to the estate and to her son, spending little that mortgages might be paid off. The house had become her passion. That passion was to grow more intense as it took its place in the public life of Ireland. She was a type that only the superficial observer could identify with Victorian earnestness, for her point of view was founded, not on any narrow system of morals, but upon her sense of great literature, upon her own strange feudal, almost medieval youth.

She was a Persse—a form of the name Shakespeare calls Percy—descended from some Duke of Northumberland; her family had settled in the seventeenth century somewhere in the Midlands, but finding, the legend declares, the visits of Lord Clanrickard going and returning between his estate and Dublin expensive, they had moved that they might be no longer near the high road and bought vast tracts of Galway land. Their house small and plain, but made interesting by its high-pitched roof —the first slate roof built in Galway—was beside the road from Gort to Loughrea, a few yards from the bounding wall of a demesne that was nine miles around. Three or four masons were, during Lady Gregory's girlhood, continually busy upon the wall. On the other side of the road rose the Slievoughter rante, feeding grouse and wild deer. The house contained neither picture nor furniture of historic interest. The Persses had been soldiers, farmers, riders to hounds and in the time of the Irish Parliament, politicians; a bridge within the wall commemorated the victory of the Irish Volunteers in 1782, but all had lacked intellectual curiosity until the last half of the nineteenth century when Lady Gregory was born and her two sisters gave birth to Sir Hugh Lane and to that John Shawe-Taylor who made a settlement of the Land Question possible by an act of daring.

Popular legend attributes to all the sons of the house daring and physical strength; some years ago, Free State Ministers were fond of recounting the adventures of Lady Gregory's "Seven Brothers," who no matter who objected to their rents, or cov- of God, and that was the greatest lady that ever shot the assassin"; how the wildest of these, excluded by some misdemeanor from a hunt ball, had turned a hose on the guests; how, a famous shot, he had walked into a public house in a time of disturbance and put a bullet through every number on the clock. They had all the necessities of life on the mountain, or within the walls of their demesne, exporting great quantities of game, ruling their tenants, as had their fathers before, with a despotic benevolence, were admired, and perhaps loved, for the Irish people, however lawless, respect a rule founded upon some visible supremacy. I heard an old man say once to Lady Gregory: "There was never a man that could hold a bow with your brothers."

Those brothers were figures from the eighteenth century. Sir John Barrington might have celebrated their lives, but their mother and the mother of John Shawe-Taylor belonged to the nineteenth in its least attractive phase. Like so many Irish women of the upper classes, who reacted against the license, the religious lassitude of the immediate past, they were fanatical Protestants, set out to convert their neighborhoods. . . . Their proselytism expressed their love, they gave what they thought best. But the born student of the great literature of the world cannot proselytize, and Augusta Persse, as Lady Gregory was then named, walked and discussed Shakespeare with a man but little steadier than her brothers, a scholar of Trinity in later years a famous botanist, a friendship ended by her alarmed mother. Was it earlier or later that she established a little shop upon the estate and sold in it herself that she might compel the shopkeepers to bring down their exorbitant prices? Other well born women of that time, Ruskin's Rose amongst them, did the same. Born in 1852, she had passed her formative years in comparative peace, Fenianism a far-off threat, and her marriage with Sir William Gregory in her twenty-seventh year, visits to Ceylon, India, London, Rome, set her beyond the reach of the bitter struggle between landlord and tenant of the late seventies and early eighties; she knew Ireland always in its permanent relationships, associations; violence but a brief interruption; never lost her sense of feudal responsibility, not of duty as the word is generally understood, but of burdens laid upon her by her station and her character, a choice constantly renewed in solitude. "She has been," said an old man to me, "like a serving-maid among us. She is plain and simple, like the Mother lived." When in later years her literary style be-

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made the people a part of her soul; a phrase of Aristotle had become her motto: "To think like a wise man, but to express oneself like the common people."

II

When I went to Coole the curtain had fallen upon the first act of my drama. In 1891, I had founded in London the Irish Literary Society, joined by most London journalists of Irish birth, a couple of years later in Dublin, the National Literary Society; these societies had given, as I intended, opportunity to a new generation of critics and writers to denounce the propagandist verse and prose that had gone by the name of Irish literature, and to substitute for it certain neglected writers: Sir Samuel Ferguson, a writer of ballads dry in their seventeenth-century sincerity; Standish O'Grady, whose "History of Ireland" retold the Irish heroic tales in romantic Carlylean prose; the Clarence Mangan of "The Dark Rosaleen"; and O'Hussy's "Ode to the Maguire," our one poet raised to the first rank by intensity, and only that in these or perhaps in the second of these poems. No politic purpose informed our meetings, no Lord Mayor, no Member of Parliament was elected to the chair. John O'Leary, the old Fenian, since his return from his Parisian exile more scholar than politician, first president of the National Literary Society, was succeeded by Dr. Douglas Hyde. His famous presidential lecture upon what he called "The De-Anglicization of Ireland" led to the foundation of the Gaelic League, which, though not yet the great movement it became, was soon stronger than the movement in English. Irishmen who wrote in the English language were read by the Irish in England, by the general public there, nothing was read in Ireland except newspapers, prayer-books, popular novels; but if the Irish would not read literature, they might listen to it, for politics and the Church had created listeners. I wanted a theatre—I had wanted it for years, but knowing no way of getting money for a start in Ireland, had talked to Florence Farr, that accomplished speaker of verse, less accomplished actress, of some little London hall, where I could produce plays. I first spoke to Lady Gregory of my abandoned plan for an Irish theatre, if I can call anything so hopeless a plan, in the grounds of a little country house at Duras, on the seacoast, where Galway ends and Clare begins, where she had brought me to see the only person in Galway, perhaps I should say in Ireland, who was in any real sense her friend. His romantic name is written on the frame of a picture by Scott of Oldham in the Dublin Municipal Gallery: "Given by A. Gregory and W. R. Gregory"—Lady Gregory's son, at the time of my first visit a boy of eighteen—"In memory of Count Florimond de Basterot." He was a Catholic, an old man crippled by the sins of his youth, much devoted to his prayers, but an accomplished man of the world years between them and his little Galway house, passing through Dublin as quickly as possible, because he thought it: "A shabby England." Ancestors had fled from the French Revolution, bought a considerable Galway estate long since sold to some other landlord or divided among the tenants. . . . In his garden under his friendly eyes, the Irish National Theatre, though not under that name, was born.

I may then have used for the first time the comparison which in later years I turned into a proverb. Except during certain summer months, when they roost in the fields, crows at nightfall return to the vast rookeries round Tullyra Castle, whirling, counter-whirling, clamorous; excited, as it seems, by the sublime dance. It was the one unforgettable event of my first visit as of other visits there. And I was accustomed to say to Lady Gregory when it seemed that some play of mine must be first performed outside Ireland, or when it seemed, as it did once or twice, that I myself might find it impossible to live in Ireland: "The crows of Tullyra return in winter," or, "The crows return at nightfall," meaning that after my death, my books would be a part of Irish literature. She had, however, such a strong feeling for action or for the present moment, that she disapproved of my London project, and offered to collect or give the money for the first Irish performances. My "Countess Cathleen" was ready, and either I or Lady Gregory spoke to Edward Martyn, who gave up his proposed German performance and became enthusiastic. Then came an unexpected difficulty. Dublin had two theatres—the Royal and the Gaiety—that had been granted patents, a system obsolete elsewhere. No performance, except for charity, could be given except at these two theatres that were booked for all the best months of the year by English traveling companies and exceedingly expensive. We had to change the law, which we did with the assistance of an old friend of Lady Gregory's husband, Lecky, the historian, representative in Parliament of Trinity College. The writing of letters, talks in the lobby of the House of Commons, seemed to take up all our time.

III

I must have spent the summer of 1897 at Coole. I was involved in a miserable love affair, that had but for one brief interruption absorbed my thoughts for years past, and would for some years yet; my devotion might as well have been offered to an image in a milliner's window, or to a statue in a museum, but romantic doctrine had reached its extreme development. Dowson was in love with the wife of a waiter in a restaurant and, expecting no return but one game of cards in every week, drowned his sorrows in drink. My health was giving way, my nerves had been wrecked. Finding

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to cottage collecting folk-lore. Every night she wrote out what we had heard in the dialect of the cottages. She wrote, if my memory does not deceive me, two hundred thousand words, discovering that vivid English she was the first to use upon the stage. . . .

It was now that George Moore came into our affairs, brought by Edward Martyn, who invited him to find a cast for "Heather Field." They were cousins and inseparable friends, bound one to the other by mutual contempt. When I told Martyn that Moore had good points, he replied: "I know Moore a great deal longer than you do. He has no good points." And a week or two later Moore said: "That man Martyn is the most selfish man alive. He thinks that I am damned and he doesn't care." I have described their friendship in a little play called "The Cat and the Moon"; the speaker is a blind beggar man, and Laban is a townland where Edward Martyn went to Chapel. Moore and Martyn were indeed in certain characteristics typical peasants, the peasant sinner, the peasant saint. Moore's grandfather or great-grandfather had been a convert, but there were Catholic marriages. Catholic families, beaten down by the Penal Laws, despised by Irish Protestants, by the few English Catholics they met, had but little choice as to where they picked their brides; men of old family on one side became squireens, half-sirs, peasants who had lost their tradition, gentlemen who had lost theirs. Lady Gregory once told me what marriage coarsened the Moore blood, but I have forgotten.

George Moore had a ceaseless preoccupation with painting and the theatre within certain limits, a technical understanding of both; courage and explosive power, whatever idea possessed him, but sacrificed all that seemed to other men good breeding, honor, friendship in pursuit of what he considered the root facts of life. I had seen him once in the Cheshire Cheese. I had with me some proof sheets of the Ellis and Yeats study of Blake's philosophy. The drooping tree on the second page of "The Book of Thel" stirred him to eloquence. His "how beautiful, how beautiful" is all I can remember. Then one evening, in a narrow empty street between Fleet Street and the river, I heard a voice resounding as if in a funnel and someone in a hansom cab was denouncing its driver and Moore drove by. Then I met him in Arthur Symons' flat in the Temple. He threw himself into a chair with the remark: "I wish that woman would wash"; he had just returned from an assignation with his mistress, a woman known to Symons personally, to me by repute, an accomplished, witty, somewhat fashionable woman. All his friends suffered in some way; good behavior was no protection, for it was all chance whether the facts pursued were in actual life or in some story that amused him. Had "that woman" prided herself upon her cleanliness, he would, had he decided upon a quarwoman would wash." His pursuit had now and then unfortunate results. "What has depressed you, Moore?" said an acquaintance. "I have been paying attention to a certain woman. I had every reason to think she liked me. I came to the point today and was turned down completely." "You must have said something wrong." "No, what I said was all right." "What was it?" "I said I was clean and healthy and she could not do better." Upon occasion it made him brutal and witty. He and I went to the town of Galway for a Gaelic festival that coincided with some assembly of priests. When we lunched at the Railway Hotel the room was full of priests. A Father Moloney, supposed to know all about Greek art, caught sight of Moore and introduced himself. He probably knew nothing about Moore except that he was some kind of critic for he set out upon his favorite topic with: "I have always considered it a proof of Greek purity, that though they left the male form uncovered, they invariably draped the female." "Do you consider, Father Moloney," said Moore in a voice that rang through the whole room, "that the female form is inherently more indecent than the male?" Every priest turned a stern and horrified eye upon Father Moloney who sat hunched up and quivering.

Moore had gone to Paris straight from his father's racing stables and a house where there was no culture, as Symons and I understood that word, acquired copious inaccurate French, sat among art students, young writers about to become famous, in some café, a man carved out of a turnip, looking out of astonished eyes. I see him as that circle saw him, for I have in memory Manet's caricature. He spoke badly a foreign tongue and read nothing and was never to attain the discipline of style. "I wrote a play in French," he said, "before I had seen dialogue on paper." I doubt if he had read a play of Shakespeare's even at the end of his life. He did not know that style existed until he returned to Ireland in middle life; what he learned, he learned from conversation, from acted plays, from pictures. A revolutionary in revolt against the ignorant catholicism of Mayo, he chose for master Zola, as another might have chosen Karl Marx. Even to conversation and acted plays, he gave an inattentive ear; instincts incapable of clear expression deafened him and blinded him; he was Milton's lion rising up, pawing out of the earth, but, unlike that lion, stuck halfway. He reached to middle life ignorant even of small practical details. He said to a friend: "How do you keep your pants from falling about your knees?" "Oh," said the friend, "I put my braces through the little tapes that are sewn there for the purpose." A few days later he thanked the friend with emotion. Upon a long country bicycle ride with another friend, he had stopped because his pants were about his knees, had gone behind a hedge, had taken them off, and exchanged them at a cottage for a tumbler of milk.

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blinded, for they impose their silence upon us. His "Modern Painting" has a colloquial animation and surprise that might have grown into a roundness and ripeness of speech that is a part of style had not ambition made him in later life substitute sentences a Dublin critic has compared to ribbons of toothpaste squeezed out of a tube.

When the Irish Theatre was founded, he had published "The Mummer's Wife," which had made him a considerable sensation, for it was the first realistic novel in the language, the first novel where every incident was there not because the author thought it beautiful, exciting or amusing, but because certain people who were neither beautiful, exciting nor amusing must have acted in that way: the root facts of life, as they are known to the greatest number of people, that and nothing else. Balzac would have added his wisdom, but Moore had but his blind ambition. "Esther Waters" should have been a greater novel, for the scene is more varied. Esther is tempted to steal a half-crown; Balzac might have made her steal it and keep our sympathy, but Moore must create a personification of motherly goodness, almost an abstraction. Five years later he begged a number of his friends to read it; "I have just read it," he said, "it has done me good, it radiates goodness." He had wanted to be good as the mass of men understand good men. In later life he wrote a long preface to prove that he had a mistress in Mayfair.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

This is the first of four articles selected from Mr. Yeats's memoirs. The second article, on the beginnings of the Irish Theatre, will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

The Stakhanov Movement

EARLY in May, 1935, following out a suggestion in Stalin's May 4 speech, Alexei Stakhanov, an ordinary miner in the Donets coal basin, began thinking about the tool he used —the pneumatic pick. He spent a number of sleepless nights, and when he was not working he would wander down to the shop where the pick was repaired. He studied it, and studied the other workers at work. In the end he went to the administration of the shaft, with definite proposals. They were shelved, and he took them up with the Party committee, which decided to try them out. He saw the work badly organized. There were twenty-seven men working picks in his alley. They got in one another's way and seldom was there enough power to keep the picks going at top speed. He suggested cutting the number down to sixteen, each with a definite place to work. Miners, he found, spent a large part of their time fixing the timber and clearing out of their way the coal they had just mined. He suggested more timber, with their work systematically planned, special shovelers in addition to the regular pony men. And so on.

Stakhanov's own brigade put these proposals into operation. The results surprised even him. Instead of the seven or eight tons he had been averaging, he was able at first to mine seventy-some tons and later a hundred and two, in a seven-hour shift. Others followed his method and some of them bettered his record. Neighboring shafts heard about the work, called for a meeting, where Stakhanov explained his method, and with improvements set about a similar reorganization of work. By the beginning of September, despite all kinds of opposition from technical experts who said the ideas were unsound, there was scarcely a shaft in the whole Donet[illegible]

the Stakhanov method. The average production for the pneumatic pick was doubled. Instead of a maximum of 560 rubles a month, miners were now earning up to 1,600, timber men were up to 1,040, and pony drivers, who had never received more than 170, were getting 420. This was the beginning of a movement that, in no small measure, has already revolutionized Soviet industry.

By September the principal newspapers, the Communist Party's Pravda, the Central Executive Committee's Izvestia, and others, had heard of and started agitating for it. The result was that the movement spread to other industries. Smetanin, a worker in a Leningrad shoe factory, had been thinking along very much the same lines. Perhaps he did not dare to buck a bureaucratic management. Anyway, until he read about Stakhanov he did not put his ideas forward. Now he went to the Party fraction, showed how production could be increased in the factory with the existing machinery. On his method, he himself doubled his norm almost immediately, and on one day, November 5, instead of the planned 700 shoes, he handled 2,500. He trained other men and women, explained his theories over the telephone to meetings at other shoe factories, and now a large part of the whole industry is carrying out his improvements.

In the textile industry Vinogradova, a girl of twenty-four, has done the same thing. The automobile industry went ahead with its own Stakhanov movement; and one plant is turning out more automobiles than its engineers estimated were possible with a complete physical reconstruction. Tractor and combine factories, factories for making tool machines, electric appliances, ready-made clothes and railroad engines, steel-rolling plants, paper

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road engineers and loaders found that by a better apportionment of their time and movements in train yards, by having the freight ready before it was time to load it, they could handle more than twice as much.

I talked to the leader of a carpenters' brigade. When the movement was first discussed in the newspapers, he said, his men met and decided that this was something they could not take up. Their work was too erratic. They never knew what they would be doing the next day, and often in one shift they would have three different jobs. Next day he went to the chief of their department and asked that his brigade be given the hardest work, as long as it was steady. Once the work was definite, he was able to divide it among the twenty-four men. Together they organized it so that no man would have to stand idle waiting for material, or have to clear away what he had already completed. They looked at the blueprints of each new job, worked out exactly in what order it could best be done. The norm before had been nineteen meters for the whole brigade. Now each man was doing twelve. Instead of five or six rubles a day, they were earning twenty, twenty-five and even thirty. Besides this they received premiums. The best of the men, for instance, were given a new apartment.

The Stakhanov movement had grown with a speed that made the foreign press skeptical. But still there were fields it had not touched; and in November the government called together a congress of Stakhanovites at the Kremlin. There were 3,000 of them, the leaders, representatives from every Stakhanovized industry, the best workers from most of the industries that had not as yet any organizational reform. The speeches were broadcast all over the country. They appeared next day in the Russian press, and the following day in translation in all the national-language dailies. Mimeographed copies were for sale immediately, and two weeks later they were to be had in printed form by the thousands. While the congress was on, and afterwards, almost every factory in the country held meetings to discuss it. Telegrams came in from every direction to announce that this and that industry had found a way to make use of the Stakhanov methods. Sometimes, as often happens in the Soviet Union, the zeal is greater than the achievement, and one factory I visited had given the title of Stakhanovite to its best workers gratis, for they were working in the same old way.

This all-union congress was followed by congeries of smaller congresses. In Astrakhan the river-boat Stakhanovites and those of the fishing industry met. In the Kuzbas the mining Stakhanovites got together for a two-day session; in Tiflis the railroad Stakhanovites met for three days, and so on.

Two weeks after the Moscow congress the Council of People's Commissars awarded to forty-one of the Stakhanovites the highest honor of the Soviet Union, the Order of Lenin, and to seventy-nine

The essence of Stakhanovism is not new. The American Frederick Taylor thirty-five years ago discovered and put into operation many of the principles, but with one essential difference. Taylorism is based on non-thinking workers. The less the worker uses his brain the better. Stakhanovism was instituted by workers, it depends on their intelligence. It requires of them greater and greater skill, broader thought, more education. It demands understanding of the whole process. It is not, as in the highly Taylorized Ford plant, the turning of one screw without knowing where it is going in the car. And for this reason Stakhanov work will probably in the end outstrip the most Taylorized.

The importance of the movement has already been great. Shops and factories have been fulfilling and overfulfilling the plans set down for them by the state Planning Department. The railroads, long the weakest point in Soviet economy, are beginning to carry out their work on time. Light industry is especially affected by it, and it is light industry that in turn affects the standard of living. It has been pointed out that the recent stabilization of the ruble (January 1, 1936) could not have been possible without the Stakhanov movement.

But in the eyes of Communist leaders the effect, both direct and indirect, this is having on the worker is still more important. The average Stakhanovite is now earning as much as the average engineer and living as well if not better. As yet Stakhanovites comprise a small proportion of the total number of workers; but the movement points to the possibility of wiping out the difference between manual and mental labor, one of the principal attributes, as Stalin interprets it, of actual communism.

To the outside observer the movement is perhaps more interesting for what it indicates of the character of an energetically planned society. It started in June with the opposition of technical experts; but, with the draft from above and below, it has spread like wildfire. The workers in general were interested in it, and they put it into action; but the part played by the Communist Party in stimulating it was a large one. In each mine and factory the party cell cleared away obstacles, gave energy, force, moral support; it organized. The newspapers talked of almost nothing else for two months. They soon got the mass of the workers excited about the movement. The central government gathered together and consolidated all these efforts, gave them such impetus and force that in the four months since the movement left the Donets basin, it has touched almost every phase of economic activity.

The Stakhanov method is undoubtedly not the ultimate in industrial development. But the speed, effectiveness and accuracy with which this movement has been spread and put into action indicates that the Soviet Union is ready for development, ready to absorb and make use of it quickly.

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Edith and Her Pappy

EDITH MAXWELL, twenty-one-year-old Virginia mountain school teacher, to whom the gifted word-wranglers for the tabloids are wont to refer as the "spank-slayer" or the "slipper-slayer," failed to get a new trial from Circuit Judge H. A. W. Skeen on January 17. She had been convicted of murdering the "hard-drinkin', hard-fightin' pappy who tried to whup her"—pardon my tabloidese—and she now looks to the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals for relief. The young woman faces twenty-five years in the penitentiary.

Considerable difference of opinion exists among those who heard the evidence at the trial in November as to whether she murdered her father with a lethal instrument as he lay in bed in their home in Pound, Virginia, out near the Kentucky line, or whether she struck him in self-defense with a slipper when he allegedly tried to beat her for staying out late. But one thing is certain. Few cases have ever been buried under a thicker coating of journalistic horse-feathers, baloney and banana oil than this Maxwell case. And all because reporters who covered it before, during and after the trial at Wise chose to read into it a conflict between the "ancient civilization of the hills" and the modern age.

The editor of a weekly paper published in the county opined that "most of the news stories on the Maxwell case have been written in hotel rooms with a bottle of 'corn' in one hand and 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine' in the other," and his diagnosis would seem to be correct. The boys from the Hearst papers and news services came down to Wise intent on getting a lot of "color stuff," and where the color was lacking, they put it in anyway.

Hearst's Universal Service laid the foundation for all that was to follow with a series of five articles, four of them signed by Fulton Lewis. They were published on successive days, beginning July 29, and it was through them that a goggle-eyed world was informed that the death of Trigg Maxwell, something over a week previously, was the outgrowth of a "dramatic struggle between the archaic family code of the mountains and the encroaching freedom of modern youth." The approaching trial of Edith Maxwell, it was said, would be a battle "between the eight o'clock curfew of 'The Pound'—tawdry spattering of mountain shacks where Edith lived [actually it is a small town like thousands of others throughout the United States]—and the right of modern youth to come and go as it pleases." It appeared that Edith had returned from the State Teachers' College at East Radford wearing "store boughtened clothes" and had learned to know "the lure of the movies." She also committed the high crime of chatting with a tion of "the law of the hills that a twenty-one-year-old girl may not speak to a married man, even in the shadow of her own doorway." One can surmise with what amazement the citizens of Wise County, none of whom had ever heard of the "curfew" or the "mountain code," read this extraordinary stuff in the Hearst press in late July and early August.

When the trial opened in November, Hearst's International News Service proceeded to rehash the "curfew" and "code" material which Universal Service had offered its customers some months before. When the "mountain jury, sitting in 'gov'ment cote'" gave Edith twenty-five years, it was simply the outgrowth of her cantankerous refusal to abide by the "ancient law of the hill country." The United Press, represented at the trial by one of its premier word-painters, couldn't pass up anything as juicy as this, so it chimed in with references to the "age-old morality of the hills" and the "curfew which shrills its warning across the hills three hours after sundown," notifying all women to be indoors.

Through such methods, the impression was created that Wise County—which contains three modern towns, nine high schools and 100 school buildings, and has 400 young men and women off at college—is inhabited exclusively by bobcats, turkey-buzzards, quick-triggered feudists and hillbillies drowned in moonshine and tobacco juice.

The imaginative boys and gals who wrote about the trial and its aftermath in this vein, kept harping on the "store boughtened clothes" and "book larnin'" which played such a large role in bringing about Miss Maxwell's conviction, although this was preposterous on its face. They reiterated over and over that she had done nothing more heinous than to come home after "curfew," contrary to her pappy's orders, and had merely socked her pap with a slipper in self-defense when he tried to beat her for disobedience.

But the fact is that Miss Maxwell was given twenty-five years because the jury believed she had deliberately murdered her father with a heavy weapon of some kind (not a slipper), as he lay in bed. The jury may have been wrong, but that was the theory on which it found her guilty. The prosecution ridiculed the slipper-in-self-defense version of the affair from beginning to end.

Shortly after the trial, the Knoxville Business and Professional Women's Club, which had read the lurid newspaper accounts, opened a defense fund, and contributions were received from all parts of the United States. A delegation from the club decided to go to Wise and interview Miss Maxwell about plans for an appeal. On their

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were astonished to discover that Miss Maxwell, with the approval of her attorneys, had sold all story and picture rights to Hearst, and that they could not even talk with her. But they remained long enough to look into the circumstances surrounding her conviction, and concluded, to their surprise, that she had been "accorded a fair trial before an intelligent jury and a judge whose decisions have seldom been reversed." They announced that they would return all moneys collected by them for an appeal.

Of course the Knoxville clubwomen may have been wrong in their conclusions. At any rate, the Hearst sob sisters and trained seals lost little time in opening up with Edith's life story. This contribution to biographical literature was handled in three different serials. First came Edith's "own story," syndicated by King Features to daily papers. Then there was another "own story" for Sunday papers. And last, but by no means least, came the life, in twenty-three dizzy instalments, concocted exclusively for The New York Daily Mirror by Arthur Mefford.

Not only did the Hearst papers and syndicates buy the rights to Edith's story, but The Washington Herald, one of the Hearst chain, promptly opened a defense fund. The paper asked for contributions toward a new trial for "the girl who was convicted by a mountaineer jury in less than an hour although her father, primed with corn liquor, had attacked her with a butcher knife." Now nobody even claimed that Maxwell *père* had been drinking anything but beer, and eight witnesses testified that he was cold sober thirty minutes before he had the fatal altercation with his daughter. The young woman said her father was drunk and that he came at her with a butcher knife, but the jury did not believe her.

Presumably Edith was glad enough to have The Washington Herald portray her in such a favorable light, but after the Hearst press had been describing the "mountain code" and its various appurtenances for months, she evidently grew tired of that particular fable. Although she had sold all serial and picture rights to Hearst, she couldn't stand the hokum about the "age-old morality of the hills" any longer. Hence in the instalment of her "own story" which appeared December 17, she denied that either the mountain code or the curfew existed. The Hearst papers, however, continued to play up these items.

Which brings us to the antics of The New York Daily Mirror. Arthur Mefford, the author of this Hearst tabloid's serial on Edith, dished up the applesauce in approved tabloid fashion. His uncountable references to the "curfew for wimmin folks," both before and after Edith's denial that such a thing existed; his astonishing statement that in Wise County "tradition calls for a woman to

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who lives on a United States highway in a house with electric lights and a radio, tells a story of unhappy domestic slavery, "the same as that of countless other women of the backwoods who have never seen a locomotive, not to mention a movie."

Then there was The Mirror's statement on January 2 that "Dr. C. C. Coleman, eminent pathologist, of Richmond, Virginia, and many other noted autopsical experts, agree that the 'slipper-heel' wounds on Trigg Maxwell's head could not have caused his death." The inference here is that Maxwell died of apoplexy or heart disease, and that is a possibility which should be given careful consideration. But The Mirror's assertion, in so far as it concerns Dr. Coleman at least, is wholly untrue. He informs me that he has never examined the papers in the Maxwell autopsy and has expressed no opinion in the matter.

The Hearst papers, news services and syndicates are largely responsible for the ludicrous misrepresentations with respect to the case of Edith Maxwell, but they are not wholly responsible. In addition to the balderdash circulated by the United Press in connection with the trial, reference to which has already been made, there is the performance of The Washington Post. The Post kept a staff correspondent at Wise for weeks after the trial, and that journal's readers were treated to accounts of the "mountain code's" responsibility for Edith's conviction.

Such statements as have appeared over and over in the Hearst papers, in The Post and elsewhere, have led to a wholly incorrect understanding of the case throughout America. In late December, for example, the Central Press Association distributed to newspapers a full page of pictures showing "outstanding news happenings of world interest during the year 1935." The first picture was that of Edith Maxwell, who is described as the "'curfew' slayer" of her father. A week later the Associated Press distributed a picture of one of the defense attorneys with a caption stating that Miss Maxwell was given twenty-five years for "the slipper slaying of her father." Some of the "code" and "curfew" material was cabled abroad and appeared in the British press.

Nothing I have said should be taken as indicating that I believe Miss Maxwell to be guilty of the crime attributed to her. On the contrary, I am glad the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals will be asked to review the case, and my hope is that it will accord her a new trial, to the end that no possible injustice may be done her. But such considerations have nothing to do with the gross distortion by a large element of the press of the facts surrounding her conviction, or the fantastic fabrications disseminated concerning the locale in which the death of Trigg Maxwell occurred. These things cannot be explained away, irrespective of whether Miss Max-

The Middle West Answers the Court

WHAT DOES the Middle West think of the A.A.A. decision? Many people believe these corn-hog-and-wheat states will form the battleground of the next election, and that the question of an A.A.A. substitute will be a crucial issue. The way to find out what people are thinking is to ask them. For two weeks I traveled through the Middle West, attending all kinds of meetings, polling the audiences, talking to groups and individuals wherever I went. I also mailed blanks to widely diversified organizations, asking them to poll their membership, and got a surprisingly heavy return, for the issue is a very live one. All told, more than 20,000 persons were interrogated in one way or another.

When the Supreme Court decision nullifying the A.A.A. was announced, farm leaders acted quickly. Meetings were held in every state in the farm belt. Of scores of proposals submitted, only one line of action met general approval. This was to petition the federal government to enact a new farm plan, constitutional, but still holding to the crop-limitation essential of the old A.A.A. This time the farmers do not plead for equality with tariff-protected manufacturing—they demand it.

A shift of feeling is noted in the urban communities. Where, the housewife wants to know, is the big reduction in prices of necessities that the abolition of the processing tax was to bring? True, flour has dropped nearly a cent a pound and pork from one to three cents, but bread, cornmeal, rice, cotton goods and tobacco have been virtually unaffected. The ire that was formerly directed at the government and the farmers is now turned against the processors and the manufacturers. Labor and the unemployed have been as heartily disappointed as the farmer himself. The savings they were to have received are going instead into the pockets of men already wealthy. The order for refund of the impounded processing-tax money was the last straw. Giving back the hundreds of millions of dollars that belong rightfully, not to the processors but to the producers and consumers who paid the tax, is regarded as the height of injustice. The housewife who, a month ago, was ready to mount the nearest soap-box and deliver a scathing denunciation of the farmers and the New Deal, is now casting imprecations at the processors and the Supreme Court. She has almost forgiven the administration for the original measure.

There is no doubt that the Supreme Court has developed more advocates of the A.A.A. policies than the national administration was ever able to muster. It will be remembered that the government's corn-hog referenda and other polls indicated a six-to-one agricultural ratio in favor of the existing system. That ratio has now increased to nine-to-one in the present findings, with farm-group meetings being almost unanimous in defense of the scuttled program. Urban feeling, supposedly inimical to the A.A.A., now shows a two-to-one ratio in its favor. As for the Supreme Court itself, Midwestern popular reaction has been definitely unfriendly. Despite the fact that rural America has long venerated the Constitution and the Court and still hesitates to voice loud criticism of either, there is increased dissatisfaction.

The belief is current in most farming communities that the decision was induced by judicial sympathy with the wealthy class. In Kentucky and Tennessee the big tobacco companies are blamed; in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, the textile manufacturers of New England; in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, the big packing, milling and banking interests. That the decision was politically dictated to the advantage of the moneyed class, is believed by more than 85 percent of the agriculturalists in these states. The same feeling exists to a marked degree in the urban districts of the Middle and Southwestern states.

Approximately 81 percent of the farm population believes that the Supreme Court decision itself will have no real bearing on the coming election. The A.A.A. is dead. Long live the A.A.A! It is not in the dismantled Agricultural Adjustment Act but rather in the new administration farm measure that the farmers are interested. If Roosevelt manages to steer through Congress a new agricultural measure that appears likely to serve the practical purposes of the old one, keeping production down and prices up, the vast majority of the farmers will be with him.

Urban opinion shows very different percentages. Fifty-three percent of the city dwellers believe that the Supreme Court decision will be helpful to the President, solidifying behind him the liberal Democrats and Republicans who voted for him in 1932 but have since expressed reasonable doubt as to his sincerity. Thirty-one percent declare that the decision will hurt him because it revealed a lack of due respect for and knowledge of constitutional law. The remaining 16 percent concur with the majority rural opinion, that the effectiveness of the new farm plan will determine the political result. Where only one out of every three farmers expected the unfavorable decision, more than half of the urban residents anticipated it.

Sentiment in the cities and villages of the Middle Western states is widely diversified. The small-salaried white-collar workers find in the decision

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Court engendered by the N.R.A. debacle. Most of the small retail business owners are thoroughly disgusted with the course of events. At least indirectly, farm prosperity is an important factor in determining their own volume of trade. Unregulated production leading to disastrously low farm prices means something very near to bankruptcy for the tradesman whose cash reserves are low.

Some members of the laboring class and the unemployed were at first delighted at the prospect of lower food prices, but with failure of that rosy hope to materialize and the imminence of unfavorable decisions on labor legislation, they have lapsed into a sullen silence that bodes no good for the Court. Organized labor has reason to fear that the Guffey and Wagner enactments will fall by the same axe that cut short the A.A.A. The farmers' resentment over the latter action is but a gentle zephyr to what will come from the men in overalls when the Supreme Court fires a broadside in their direction.

Youth in general is irked because of the Court's unprogressive spirit. Not even the Young Republicans of the Midwest can arouse much enthusiasm for a campaign in defense of the Constitution.

These, then, are the classes united in disapproval of the Supreme Court's action, but there are two groups that are almost unanimous in praise. The ultra-radicals are overjoyed. They have repeatedly criticized the whole New Deal program as a stubborn impediment in the straight path to final glorious revolution. They hail each decision of the high tribunal as assistance in educating the public to the necessity for that revolution. The Supreme Court they regard as their chief ally in attaining the final goal. For entirely different reasons the wealthy financiers, speculators, industrialists and business owners are equally loud in their acclaim. They cheer the Court as their last-ditch defender against the encroachments and regulations of government, as the bulwark of rugged individualism, private profit and individual initiative. Quite as fully as the salaried classes and the unemployed, the very wealthy believe that the conservative decisions have been rendered in defense of wealth.

The bogeyman of unconstitutionality has for the third time deprived agriculture of measures designed in its interest, twice by presidential vetoes and this last time by direct action of the Court. Again the farmers are content to await a new legislative effort in their behalf. Should the Supreme Court, for the fourth time bar such legislation, the farmer's inherent respect for the Constitution and the Court will be strained to the breaking point. Where at present he prefers to have his legislative aid constitutional, the defeat of whatever new measure is enacted will certainly result in a demand for constitutional amendment to permit such legislation; and probably also in a demand for severe restriction of the Supreme Court's power.

Washington Notes

Nobody Loves the New Farm Program—
Clashing Objectives of Soil Control
—Lining Up for the Naval Race

SELDOM has a measure been so thoroughly unloved as the new farm program. It is hard to find anyone in Washington ready to give it a kind word, or a pat on the head. Among administration left-wingers, indeed, there are some who wish it an early and spectacular demise. It is quite possible that, as far as cotton is concerned, they will have their wish. Many experts doubt that cotton producers will coöperate in the new program. In 1933-34, when cotton was around five or six cents a pound and planters were almost universally losing money, the A.A.A. benefit checks were welcomed as a godsend. But now, with cotton at twelve cents, the projected government bounties for soil conservation have small attraction. As long as cotton stays at twelve cents, producers can make more money by refusing to restrict acreage.

As a group, cotton farmers know that unlimited production is against their interests. But it is pointed out that the small, independent planter—the man with fifty to a hundred acres—has little economic free will. These small farmers never have enough working capital to see them through the year. They are always in debt to the local storekeepers, and always under pressure to produce the last possible pound of cotton.

Among big planters, there is undoubtedly a widespread willingness to coöperate in a reduction program, especially since the major sacrifices will fall on tenants and sharecroppers. But there is a sufficient number of big planters hostile to all forms of restriction, particularly in the Red River and West Texas areas, to make united action improbable. If the minority embarks on unlimited production, it is feared that the "good" planters will follow them.

A year ago, similar apprehensions caused the enactment of the mandatory Bankhead law. Most experts say that compulsion is still necessary to bring about a permanent reduction of cotton acreage. With good growing weather, it is entirely possible that next summer may again see unlimited production, a 14,000,000-bale crop and the ultimate collapse of the South's present fragile prosperity.

The administration's left-wingers do not, of course, look forward to such a disaster with any pleasure. However, they are convinced that no long-term program of agricultural control can be maintained without a certain degree of compulsion behind it, and without direct authority being exercised by Washington. Under the new program of soil conservation, which is wholly voluntary and which, after 1938, must be administered through the states, they regard a breakdown as inevitable. The sooner it comes, therefore, the better for everyone.

The soil-conservation law is also being criticized on theoretical grounds. The principal criticism is that it has two quite different, and perhaps irreconcilable, objectives. One objective is permanently to subsidize the farmers; another is to provide for efficient utilization of agricultural land. Many left-wingers do not approve of the first ob-

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jective, and stress the family resemblance it bears to Hitler's scheme for hereditary peasants—"nobles of the soil."

More important, however, they argue that subsidies do not ensure efficient land use. The planting of soil-improving crops is a good thing as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. The modern art of farming, they point out, calls for complicated, expensive tools and a relatively high degree of technical training. Despite the millions of dollars spent by both the federal government and the states in educating farmers in their business, it is generally agreed that only a very few are availing themselves fully of modern technological discoveries. Under the present economic organization of the farming industry, no matter how great the subsidies are, further progress is by no means assured.

In the opinion of left-wingers, the most promising way of attacking the problem would have been through the encouragement of production coöperatives, in which many farmers, by joining together, would have possessed sufficient resources to purchase adequate equipment and hire expert advisers. It is pointed out that in a number of specialized branches of farming, notably dairying, production coöperatives already exist and have had gratifying success. Moreover, under the old F.E.R.A. rural-rehabilitation program, the P.W. A.'s subsistence-homesteads program and the present program of the Resettlement Administration, there has been wide experimentation with production coöperatives for general farming. All this painfully acquired experience—paid for by government funds—has been ignored.

If the administration's program is a great deal less than it ought to be, nothing can be said for the alternatives offered by the Republicans in Congress. Other than currency inflation, the chief rival proposal was one for export subsidies. This ancient and disreputable scheme—which, if ever put into effect, would ally the civilized world against us—is being strenuously advocated by Representative Clifford R. Hope of Kansas. Mr. Hope acts as Governor Landon's spokesman in Washington, and it is reported that a combination of agricultural tariffs and export subsidies will be Mr. Landon's contribution to the Republican platform at next spring's convention.

Officials close to Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Wallace say that they are resolved not to pay back the processing taxes collected under the A.A.A. Administration legal advisers are working at top speed to evolve a constitutionally bombproof means of withstanding the anticipated demands for repayment from meat-packers, flour-millers and textile manufacturers. It is predicted that additional legislation to prevent the return of the taxes will be placed before Congress in about three weeks. If the processors' lobby tries to oppose it, a battle is promised that will exceed the death-sentence fight at the last session, and may include a congressional investigation into the profits, business ethics and labor policies of the chief claimants.

During the submission of the naval estimates last week, a significant interchange took place between the Senate Naval Affairs Committee and Admiral Taussig, acting chief of operations. The estimates included a request for $6,000,000 for the modernization of fourteen out of our fifteen battleships. However, Admiral Taussig explained that th[illegible] full [illegible] homa," "Texas" and "New York" were to be replaced by new ships. No capital ships have been constructed by any of the three major sea powers since 1923, but I learn that the Navy Department now hopes to have a new battleship-construction program authorized as soon as the London naval conference is ended. Dispatches from Japan prophesy that the Japanese will reply. The often-predicted American-Japanese naval race seems almost upon us.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Which Do You Want, Neutrality or Coöperation?
—Let's Look at the Legislative Record
—Beware Roosevelt's Discretion

THE CAUSE of neutrality has now received, for the time being at least, its death blow. And for those who favor neutrality as a policy to avert entrance into war, it is well to know whence the effective opposition comes.

First of all, there is a fairly sharp difference of opinion between those who favor neutrality as a means of avoiding war and those who favor coöperation with foreign nations, as, for instance, through the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, the World Court or perhaps through joint action with groups of other nations in special circumstances. No one can quarrel with the sincerity of those who hold the latter view. A man can make a very plausible argument for this roadway to peace and can believe in it with complete confidence. But what the advocate of international action has no right to do is to work for that aim and call it neutrality.

Perhaps we ought to unite with the British and French to enforce sanctions against the Italians. There are men in Congress who earnestly favor that course. But whether it is right or wrong, it is not neutrality. As long as its proponents support it as an avowed course of joint action with foreign nations to preserve the peace, they are entitled to our tolerance and respect. But when they seek to force the adoption of this policy and do it under the pretense of supporting neutrality, we have a right to accuse them of insincerity.

This happens to be the course that the President has been following, or at least permitting his State Department to follow. For this reason it may be well here to reveal a little of the history of the fight for neutrality. The proposal for this came first from Senators Nye and Clark of the Senate Munitions Committee at the last session of Congress. These two Senators introduced a series of Senate resolutions to effect this policy. The resolutions provided:

1. A mandatory embargo on all shipments of arms and ammunition to belligerents as soon as a state of war was proclaimed by the President.

2. A prohibition against shipments of any kind of American merchandise to belligerents on American ships. That is, American merchants might sell to belligerents but the purchasers would have to call for it.

3. A law prohibiting Americans making loans to foreign nations engaged in war.

4. A law providing that no passports be issued to Amer-

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These resolutions were permitted to drift in the Senate without action. It was said the President and the administration would not support them. Then a large group of members of the House, excited about the delay and the hesitancy of the administration, called in a body on the President. They asked him to support these measures. He refused. He asked: "You don't really suppose that they have a chance of being passed in the Senate, do you?" They replied there was a good chance that they would be passed promptly if the President gave the word. This Mr. Roosevelt refused to do. He insisted that in some way the resolutions intruded upon his power to initiate dealings with foreign nations and he had to protect the integrity and independence of his office, etc.

The congressional committee returned to the Capitol and to the Senate to report to their allies there. And there, to their amazement, they found two of the resolutions on the floor and their passage by a clear majority indicated. The resolutions did pass. And it is said that the President was indignant when he heard of it. It is in fact reported that he threatened to veto them, but was dissuaded by cooler counsellors. The two resolutions referred to travel on belligerent ships and embargoes on arms.

Thus the President appeared from the beginning as the enemy of the neutrality resolutions. He wanted to be given a free hand, full discretion as to when embargoes should be placed, etc.

In view of this fact, was there not excellent cause for surprise when, later, with Italy and Ethiopia at war, the President began talking as if he were the instigator of the neutrality policy? He actually declared that it was too bad the resolutions were not stronger and that they did not include the prohibition of loans as well. In fact, if they were not stronger, and if the resolution against loans was not passed, the man responsible was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

As Congress was about to reassemble, Senator Pittman, representing the President and the administration leaders, rushed a neutrality bill into the Senate in order to anticipate the plans of Senators Nye and Clark. The existing inadequate neutrality law was about to expire and new legislation was necessary. But the Pittman bill had on it the mark of the State Department's desire to coöperate stealthily with England under cover of a neutrality resolution and left some discretion with the President.

Neutrality cannot possibly be made to work if the decision as to whether we will be neutral is postponed until war actually begins between two other nations. Neutrality must be a settled policy, automatic when war comes. Then if we wish to abandon it we may do so deliberately by congressional action and not through the secret or blundering activities of some State Department bureaucrat.

The issue of neutrality may indeed be the issue of war or peace. And this power should not be left in the hands of the President. Above all, it should not be put into the hands of so unstable a man as Mr. Roosevelt. No human being can tell what Mr. Roosevelt may believe a few months hence. He has expressed himself on every side of almost every question. We cannot, on an issue so grave as war, permit our course to be at the mercy of an executive who may let matters drift in the direction of the strongest

On the Labor Front

Is the Labor Relations Act a Law?—W.P.A. Workers Win Some Strikes—More Labor Briefs

JOHN W. DAVIS, who counts J. P. Morgan, the Liberty League and the Associated Press among his distinguished clients, recently advised Federal District Judge Bondy in New York City that the National Labor Relations Act was not "in truth and fact a law." At the time I thought that Mr. Davis was being a bit presumptuous in thus arrogating to himself the status of a one-man Supreme Court. But now I am not so sure. The New York Journal of Commerce reports that employers are "losing all fears of the law." The chief reason for this is that the federal district courts are being most obliging to the employers and are severely restricting the work of the National Labor Relations Board by granting injunctions against enforcement of the Act. Thirty-eight temporary injunctions are now in force, while in eleven cases already decided, the courts have ruled against the government in five. Some district judges, including Judge Otis in Missouri, have enjoined the Labor Board from even holding hearings on complaints charging employers with violations of the Act.

This deluge of injunctions illustrates quite plainly the hostile attitude of the courts toward labor. Chairman Madden of the Labor Board directed attention toward this when he appeared before the Senate Appropriations Committee recently to ask for an additional $100,000 to cover the heavy legal costs involved in fighting constitutional obstructions. The Board, he said, was in the position of having "district judges, who are directed by the statute not to disturb our cases, reach out with anxiety to get them." In contrast, Mr. Madden added, the "Circuit Court of Appeals, who are directed to handle our cases expeditiously, have great hesitation in doing anything about them." The case involving the Pennsylvania Greyhound Lines, for example, in which the Labor Board handed down its decision early last December, is still tied up in the Circuit Court in Philadelphia. A hearing is not expected before March, if then.

Meanwhile, the Board has issued a report on the first four months of its activity, ending with December 31, 1935. In this period 477 complaints involving 121,499 workers were filed, and of these 175, involving 36,635 workers, were closed—some by withdrawal, some because of insufficient evidence and some when compliance with the law was achieved by "informal means." Seventeen strikes involving 4,876 workers were settled successfully, while twenty-one strikes involving 10,490 workers were averted. Everything considered, this is perhaps not a bad showing, but it suggests that Mr. Davis may not be far wrong. For the large employers with resources to fight the Board in the courts, the Labor Relations Act is not in truth and fact a law at present.

Ninety percent of the pickets who take part in demonstrations against W.P.A. working conditions are "Communists

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to Victor F. Ridder, Works Progress Administrator for New York City. Mr. Ridder, so far as I am aware, is not a warm friend of militant labor and so I assume that he did not intend this revelation as a tribute to the radicals. Yet if Mr. Ridder's percentages are true, or only half-true, they can be interpreted only as a tribute, even though an inadvertent one.

I say this on the basis of a review of W.P.A. strikes and their accomplishments. Between August and the end of 1935, according to the Labor Research Association, there were newspaper reports of forty-one strikes on W.P.A. projects. In twenty-two of these disputes the newspapers reported the final outcome, and all of them were more or less successful. To cite a few examples: skilled workers in New York City succeeded in reducing hours of work from 120 a month to 60, their pay remaining the same at $93.50; white-collar workers in New York City, who had not been paid in three weeks, won a special award of $1,000,000 apart from their back pay; unskilled workers in Allentown, Pennsylvania, won a 10-percent wage increase and a reduction in hours from 140 to 120; unskilled workers in Walker County, Alabama, won an increase from 15½ cents to 27 cents an hour; both skilled and unskilled in Baltimore, Maryland, won a 10-percent pay increase; and so on.

At bottom, of course, Mr. Ridder's real point is not that radicals are on the picket line but that demonstrations against the W.P.A. are unwarranted. In that respect, I think the few cases cited above speak for themselves. But Mr. Ridder would probably be just as unhappy if all the pickets were W.P.A. employees. And unless I am mistaken he has proposed a policy that would make such a situation highly unlikely. He has asked Police Commissioner Valentine, in making future arrests of W.P.A. pickets, to get the names and project numbers of all W.P.A. employees!

Labor Briefs.—In their recent strike, lasting just a month, 5,000 flat-glass workers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Oklahoma and Arkansas, won a notable victory. Among the gains were a five-percent increase in pay, the preferential closed shop and elimination of the North and South wage differential. The strike was called by the Federation of Flat Glass Workers, organized along industrial lines. . . . The Laclede Gas Light Company of St. Louis, Missouri, spent $334,434 in fighting a strike of its employees last year. This was nearly five times the company's net income of $73,003 for 1935, as revealed by the annual financial report. . . . When two officials of the Molders' International Union recently visited Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, in connection with a strike there at the Western Malleables Company, the Law and Order League, composed of local business men, escorted them to a train and forced them to take it under threats of mob violence. J. E. O'Connor, conciliator of the National Labor Board, was threatened with similar treatment until he revealed his government credentials. . . . In Lorain, Ohio, police arrested six alleged organizers of the Industrial Workers of the World, escorted them to the city limits and ordered them not to return. Mayor E. A. Braun, who ordered the arrests, said that "Lorain workers are capable of looking after their own interests without an invasion of outside agitators." The men had planned to attend an organization meeting of employees of the American Stove Com-

The Milkman Rings the Bell

UNLIKE Chaplin's one-man show, the new Harold Lloyd comedy (Paramount's "Milky Way") is up-to-the-minute in construction, the work of many hands, all laid on expertly. Lloyd is the milkman who was a little slow but loved his horse, and got wrongly notorious for dropping the middle-weight champion in a brawl—it almost finished the champ's manager until he got the idea of building up Lloyd as a fighter by crooked bouts, and then having the champ beat him for fair. Enter from several sides love, the reporters, the police, freaks of chance, etc.

The parts and people playing them are rich with possibilities: Adolphe Menjou as the promoter and non-stop talker, tough and dapper, an ace of a study; Veree Teasdale, who lives around with him, complete mistress of the bored acid rib; Lionel Stander, the deadly ape, croaking murder and wearing a face that is a romping ground for mental adventures calling up somehow the picture of a two-weeks puppy with a garden hose; and Lloyd himself, with a certain charm and candor—always as though he believed it and liked doing it—the agility of a clown and the sense not to try stealing the show.

The material is a strictly hokum proposition, but it is worked out and put across with the best use of the screen's varied resources. Take for one illustration Lloyd's proud athletic leap over the hedge, where the camera gets him coming over and lowers to the water beneath just in time for that terrific header. The idea as such is a gramper, palsied with honorable service; but like many old ideas it can't be topped when they handle it naturally, keeping it fresh and unexpected, the ludicrous in a flash. And then for more complex matters, the hot-and-heavy or one-two-three method, there is the bit after Lloyd's first knock-out, with Lloyd saying a word of wonder to the folks: "You know I'd have sworn I missed him" (one); and Menjou jumping into the breach, talking fast to cover up while Lloyd, as previously coached, clears in one gay bound all the ropes but the top one, on which he gets fouled like a squab on a spit (two), Menjou still covering up at the microphone—"I tell you folks he's a great fighter and a great little kidder, just look at him now, he's"—and turning from looking at him to find they'd walked away with the mike some time back (three), and the cut. All the way through there is a fine tendency to spike it with fragments of understated business, not shoved down your throat but planted off center—and you find them for yourself.

The film works up to such a fast even pace through the whole middle section, in fact, that it tapers off at the end. Anti-climax is still anti-climax and a real dramatic ailment, not just a word thought up for intellectuals to play boogie-boogie with. The remedy here would have been to keep the end in view from the start, cut down on complications, bring up a few independent laugh getters from the first part and bring the end on faster. And a little doctoring on a film like this is worth while, because by and large it is very near the top for screen comedy. Which is to say it is not pompous, dull or strained (cf. Ben Hecht's "Soak the Rich," René Clair's "The Ghost Goes West," Metro's "Rose Marie") the laughs are there and spontaneous a-

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CORRESPONDENCE

Did Landon Balance the Budget?

SIR: I have read with interest the article in your issue of January 15 on "Budget-Balancer Landon." Certain misstatements of fact in it should be corrected.

The Kansas Constitution provides that the care of the indigent is an obligation of the counties and not of the "cities and counties." At the guidance of Governor Landon, the Legislature has given the counties authority to increase their poor-fund levies and to supplement that income for relief with bond issues. Five million dollars' worth of such bonds has already been issued, so the relief of the poor has not been done by taking the money out of school and road funds, as your writer suggests.

Your statement that "the Governor's salary was cut to $5,000 annually" is incorrect. That has always been the salary of the Governor of Kansas. Landon voluntarily reduced his salary 25 percent.

Your statement that "the appropriation for the state highway department was drastically reduced, as Kansas had been granted $10,000,000 of federal relief funds for road construction and repairs," is greatly misleading. The income for the Highway Department comes from automobile-license fees and gasoline taxes, so no regular appropriations are necessary for it. The license fees were reduced at the start of the Governor's administration, however, and better collection of the gasoline fees has resulted in a greater income than ever for this department.

At the start of his administration it was found that state finances were in such condition that warrants had been issued "to small merchants who could ill afford to have their money tied up." Since Governor Landon has been in office, however, all of those warrants have been retired and the state is operating strictly on a cash basis.

JOHN P. HARRIS,
Hutchinson, Kan. Hutchinson News and Herald.

SIR: Regardless of the Kansas Constitution, most of the cities in that state have provided a share of the relief funds spent on local projects, such as the repaving of streets and construction of schools and waterworks. While this has been done in many instances by bond issue, only $5,000,000 of the total of $13,407,470 thus far spent has been derived from the sale of bonds. A large portion of the remaining 63 percent has been pared from school and highway budgets.

The Kansas Session Laws for 1933 and 1935 show annual appropriations of $5,000 for the Governor's salary during the period 1934-37. In addition $4,000 was appropriated for postage, express and contingent fund for 1934 and the same for 1935; said fund was increased to $4,500 for each of the years 1936 and 1937. The further sum for executive expenses for 1934 was $16,125; for 1935, $17,625; for each of the years 1936 and 1937, $20,125.

If Mr. Harris will consult the Session Laws for 1931 he will find Chapter 26 devoted to an appropriation for the Kansas State Highway Department; Chapter 16 of the '33 laws is devoted to the same topic. The '35 legislative session also made such an appropriation. Such appropriations have been reduced by 20 percent since relief operations were begun, but this is not necessarily a true gauge of the sum saved, since any balance remaining from the previous yearly appropriation is carried over for use in the following year, and savings made possible by relief expenditures would thus conceal any shortage in the income from licenses, etc., which would otherwise have been made up by appropriation.

Finally, where formerly merchants were issued warrants for bills that could not be paid by the state at the moment, they are now obliged to carry open accounts against the state for the amounts due them. Thus a bill for two cartons of cigarettes was allowed to run for six months while the budget was being balanced, and another, for 100 dozens of buns, ran even longer. These are two of many similar instances. Whatever it may seem to the ment is not regarded as a cash-basis transaction by merchants who must pay their own obligations in ten days in order to get the two-percent cash discount.

Pittsburg, Kan. MORTON TAYLOR.

A Proposed Substitute for the A.A.A.

SIR: The first thing, to my mind, not merely in agriculture, but in the State, is the land. The National Resources Board recently commented:

> The land is a national resource in which all of the people of the nation have a common interest, regardless of political boundaries. Such being the case, the nation cannot view with equanimity the disorder and waste of lands upon which private ownership has failed, and for which no constructive policy has been developed.

Virtually all authorities are agreed, now that A.A.A. has been held unconstitutional, that we can more effectively aid agriculture and the general welfare by removing marginal agricultural lands from the plow than by efforts to subsidize products of the soil, or subsidizing idleness on the farms, but the question of an orderly, constitutional policy for selecting and getting the legal title to such surplus land is not settled.

Obviously there are only two American policies for doing this job. One is to pay an army of officials to negotiate with thousands of landlords, financial institutions and land speculators, caught by the slump, who may not be willing to sell at the price offered, and some of whom might find it possible to "influence" the appraising officials.

The second is for the government to request the states and local taxing districts (counties, etc.) to prepare and submit particulars of the marginal agricultural land in their jurisdiction which the holders have permitted to go tax-delinquent longer than the period allowed by state law for redemption, and which they are now willing and able to sell for not more than the unpaid taxes. Under this procedure, the lands to be removed would be selected by the states, and would not be dependent on any federal official to decide when enough land is removed.

The adoption and vigorous administration of this policy would help to stabilize the value of good land, would aid the finances of the states and would help every taxpaying landowner, and at a minimum of expenditure.

San Francisco, Calif. J. RUPERT MASON.

The Principles of Principals

SIR: The public, that is the informed public, is apt to judge the temper and quality of the present personnel of the Supreme Court of the United States by their writings and votes on the so-called "New Deal." Outside the realm of constitutional law and of the New Deal the public has missed and will miss, unless it is called to their attention, the majority and dissenting opinions of November 11, 1935, in McCandless vs. Furlaud *et al.*, clearly exhibiting the attitudes of the Justices of the Supreme Court on a question purely of a moral character. I may say, parenthetically, that a rehearing was denied in this case on December 9, 1935. The case is reported in 56 Supreme Court Reporter, page 41.

Mr. Justice Cardozo delivered the majority opinion in which, by some convulsion of nature, Mr. Justice Van Devanter seems to have concurred.

In opening his opinion Mr. Justice Cardozo said:

"The suit is by a receiver of an insolvent corporation to compel its promoters and their confederates to restore illicit gains."

Then follows a detailed narrative of the constituent parts of the scheme devised by its promoters to swindle the public and the corporation's creditors. The decision of the Court was, of course, ad-

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dissenting opinion, while "I concur in the view that the promoters of Duquesne Gas Corporation took an unconscionable profit which they reaped at the expense of a credulous and avid purchasing public, this fact, however much it may invite animadversion, ought not to induce the courts to disregard settled principles in an effort to deprive the respondents of the fruits of their scheme." (!!) As a matter of course, Justices McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler joined Mr. Justice Roberts.

It is somewhat startling to the average man of even halfway honesty and decency to be told that there are settled principles of law which protect thieves in the possession and enjoyment of the fruits of their thievery. And it is a little bit startling to have an element of the Supreme Court of the United States assert that there are any such principles and that that court is committed to perpetuating them and is without power to correct them. I am quite sure that this very court has in more than one instance disestablished "settled principles" of law that were found in the present state of society and in view of its problems and ambitions to be contrary to conscience and common decency.

Somewhere it has been said, in effect, that out of their own mouths shall ye know them.

I think this dissenting opinion by Mr. Justice Roberts and his colleagues clearly indicates utter abandonment by these men of all principles of right and decency in government and in our social affairs, and I do sincerely hope that someone with a ready pen will bring this matter to the attention of the public.

East Falls Church, Va. ROBERT W. WILLIAMS.

Some Agree

SIR: I want to congratulate The New Republic for publishing George Soule's series of articles on life in Soviet Russia. In the first place the author has the courage to recognize the limitations involved in a short stay in a country putting into practice an experiment in civilized planning, where the natural language handicaps are only minor in comparison to other difficulties.

With the limited experience I had from a two weeks' stay in Leningrad and Moscow last summer I can truthfully say that Mr. Soule has expressed many of the things I felt and wanted to say about Russia. He calls attention to the fact that they have made mistakes in planning, particularly in the building trades. But good communists both here and in Russia frankly admit these and supplement by stating that most of Moscow's early (post-Revolution) workers' apartments were erected in a hurry to take care of a population increasing too rapidly, buildings that would have to be replaced within ten years after construction.

After a two years' sojourn in Nazi Germany, moving into the fresh air of the U.S.S.R. last summer was like going from the stifling gloom of a medieval fortress to the clean invigorating countryside, from death to life.

WILLIAM E. DODD JR.,
History Department, William and Mary College.
Williamsburg, Virginia.

SIR: New Republic readers all should be grateful for George Soule's current articles on Russia. They're most instructive, very interesting, and seem wholly fair in approach.

Jackson Heights, N. Y. RONALD GAYNOR.

A Reply by Mr. Corey

SIR: Permit me to correct an error in Matthew Josephson's review of "The Crisis of the Middle Class," which appeared in your issue of January 29. Mr. Josephson says:

"There are instances of doubtful calculation, as that on page 210, where [Corey] concludes that 'no upward movement in capital-goods industries' can take place. This has actually taken place in the six months since his writing, and forms the basis for most of our present 'recovery.'"

Mr. Josephson is wrong in attributing to me the belief that there can be no upward movement in capital goods. The full sentence from which he quotes a few words is as follows: "But, and this convincingly reveals the limitations of state capitalism, there was no real upward movement in capital goods: even the demand for replacements appeared on a small scale." Mr. Josephson omits the word "real," and, of course, there is a great difference between saying "no upward movement" and "no real upward movement." The final clause of my sentence, "even the demand for replacements appeared on a small scale," in itself shows that I believe some upward movement is possible.

Moreover, the sentence refers wholly to the past and not to the future. It appears in a paragraph which is devoted to the efforts of the N.R.A. to stimulate the output of capital goods.

Finally, nowhere in my book is there any statement that an upward movement in capital-goods industries is impossible. What I do say (and what I developed more fully in my "Decline of American Capitalism") is that the upward movement must be limited, resulting in depressed prosperity and an amount of unemployment much greater than in the pre-1929 years. Nothing is proved against this argument by the reference to capital-goods output in the past six months, for it was no real upward movement and it was a fraction of the output in the six months preceding the 1929 breakdown.

LEWIS COREY.

New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Henry Nordin of Baltimore, Maryland, writes that with so much war talk going on all over the world now is the time for all progressive forces of mankind to unite to bring about a coöperative society and thus achieve the only real prevention of war. . . . John Freeman of New York City protests against the inhumanly long hours required of W.P.A. workers who are assigned to the Payroll Division of the Department of Parks. . . . Formation of the Progressive Intercollegiate Alumni Association of America is announced by Sidney Prerau, executive secretary, who says that headquarters have been established at 270 Broadway, New York City.

Tom Mooney writes from County Jail No. 1, San Francisco, asking sympathizers to send contributions to finance a transcript of the record upon which to continue his appeal, to Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco, California.

Jay Lovestone sends us an announcement of the plan of the Communist Party of the United States (Opposition) which is proposing that all labor, liberal and radical elements unite behind a ticket headed by Tom Mooney for President in the 1936 elections.

David Kinkead of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners calls attention to the fact that William Trajer and Thomas J. Bunker, convicted on charges of placing explosives on a vessel during the 1931 marine strike, will soon be eligible for parole. Kinkead says that the trial record shows strong indications of frame-up against the two men and suggests that sympathizers write to the Division of Parole, Albany, New York, asking that parole be granted these two men.

The Coöperative League of America announces the completion of a million-dollar building program by coöperative organization in 1935. Outstanding units were the $300,000 addition to the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange coöperative feed mill at Buffalo, the new $100,000 building of the Central Coöperative Wholesale in Superior, Wisconsin, and the new $30,000 home of the Grange Coöperative Wholesale at Seattle. It is estimated that a total business in excess of $400,000,000 was transacted by consumers' coöperatives in 1935. . . . Gertrude Folks Zimand of the National Child Labor Committee calls attention to the adoption by the American Farm Bureau Federation of a resolution approving the Child Labor Amendment. Mrs. Zimand believes this heralds a general movement in favor of the Amendment among agricultural organizations.

J. R. Butler, president of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, sends an appeal on behalf of the members of sixteen families of sharecroppers who were evicted from a plantation at Earle, Arkansas, and are now compelled to live in an improvised tent colony with grave danger to infants and children. He asks that food and clothing be sent to the union at Box 5215, Memphis, Tennessee, and that protests against the eviction be sent to Governor J. Marion Futrell at Little Rock, Arkansas.

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Miss Lord's Day

Ethan Frome, dramatized by Owen Davis and Donald Davis from the novel by Edith Wharton. National Theatre, January 21, 1936.

Call It a Day, by Dodie Smith. Morosco Theatre, January 28, 1936.

IN A brilliant short article for The New York Evening Journal, Mr. John Anderson complains of the film critics on the new Chaplin picture. "The boys and girls," he says, "who went down the aisles for the press seemed to be able to hold themselves in. Bent, apparently, upon damning it with faint praise, all they called it was a masterpiece. A word isn't good enough. Don't critics ever dance in the street?" What Mr. Anderson goes on to complain of is that though the critics did handsomely enough with phrases, they didn't indicate the arrival of an exciting theatre event.

The point is well taken. No matter what the outcome may be, an event in the theatre may differ almost generically from the majority of events, for the mere reason of some presence in it, be that actor, dramatist or what not. It would seem true that the theatre critics did homage to Miss Pauline Lord in "Ethan Frome"; so that my point will largely be a reminder in her case of Mr. Anderson's thesis. When Miss Lord appears in a realistic piece it should be taken as a theatrical event of the first rank.

In my experience of the American theatre, I should say, after much thought in the matter, that the greatest single moment I ever saw was that first scene in "Mariners," where the wife, in her white dressing gown, comes down the stair. It was in a silly play that went to pot long before the last curtain. What Miss Lord did in that first scene seemed to illustrate all life—by what tension, projection, and what technical and mystical combination of excitement, who shall say? I have seen her do this thing in other plays; she did it, too, in the film of Mrs. Wiggs.

As for the book and the play that Mr. Owen Davis and Mr. Donald Davis have made from it, I, like everybody else, have known Mrs. Wharton's story for a long time. I am sure that it has a certain security within some New England psychology, as they say, and I know that technically—in the obvious technical sense that belongs to art of secondary rank—the story comes off well. Nevertheless, "Ethan Frome" has always struck me as basically genre. Its general sense, despite its urgent subject matter, is period genre. If the term offends, I should as soon take it back. The point is that in the book, and also in the play, one feels rather too definitely the intention. A certain thing in art is being done. I am not such a fool as to mean that we must disapprove of artifice, arrangement, intention in art. I merely mean that, after a certain plane, a work of art transcends all such elements in its nature and creation, takes on its own living mythology and breathing fable and, like all high things in art, becomes again a form of life. I should never say anything like this of Mrs. Wharton's story. Indeed—how many will be against me here, especially those who have not read the story for twenty years!—to me the ultimate word for it would, despite its urgent locale and stern, obvious content, be

The dramatists for "Ethan Frome" have made an uncommonly good dramatization of a novel. The surface of the dialogue, or of the diction rather, is far above Mr. Owen Davis' average, in accuracy, in sharp, indigenous phrase and in simplicity of line. The result, however, of this whole stage event of "Ethan Frome" is that we have something that may be depressing but is not tragic. I perceived the thematic element in it, I believed in the reactions that it won from the players. Moment by moment I felt a certain emotion; an hour after, it seemed to me only a play after all, an arrangement.

Mr. Jo Mielziner these last two seasons has made an astonishing progress inwardly. In this play his indoor scenes, those two rooms in the farmhouse, are dramatic to a degree, admirable. Any student of décor must long since have realized that outdoor scenes are almost impossible to do, if, that is, we are to take stage décor as serious art. The snow, sky and walls that Mr. Mielziner has created are both real and exalted, they are triumphs.

Mr. Raymond Massey as Ethan Frome played well. Miss Ruth Gordon's method gave the girl a quality too special. In this sense she was miscast. Her performance was otherwise excellent, from those mute moments of her self-obliteration to her uses of the half-grotesque.

Miss Pauline Lord cleans the whole thing up and tops everything, the story, the play, the scene, the acting. By what process it is that her opening of a door and standing there—or any of that continuous perfection of her playing—can begin our entrance into a region we cannot explain, nor predict technically, nobody can say. Her performance has a miraculous humility, a subtle variety and gradation, and shy power that are indescribable. It illustrates Mr. Anderson's saying about Chaplin; she knows what's right for her and finds the strength within herself to sustain it and make it true for the world.

The real hero of the comedy that the Theatre Guild presents is a day in spring. Proposing a set of characters, one family of five, plus the cook, the maid and the charwoman, the author of "Autumn Crocus" takes them all for a dash one way or another into the "intense inane," the ethereal distances of romance and private wildness, towards one's fling, shall we say, and towards Elysium. By midnight of that day all settles back into—however you want to put it—a certain peace, or common sense, or patience, or the deep securities of family affection—the heart after its own fashion comes home again.

The play is cast with complete success and, as directed by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, is done happily and with an everyday ease and sly wit. There is no bad performance in the cast, but Mr. Phillip Merivale, as the husband, Miss Florence Edney as the cook, Miss Jeanne Dante as the adolescent, and, especially in her last act, Miss Gladys Cooper, are excellent. In her single scene Miss Viola Roache is one of the delights of the season. Mr. Glenn Anders also has one single scene, a small drama in itself, and plays it with great skill and witty relaxation.

Certain criticism has said that the defect of this comedy is that it lacks comment on its material. As a matter of fact, the comment in "Call It a Day" lies in its tone, which is the proper, secure and final place for it in such a

STARK YOUNG

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Midwinter Book Section

Footnotes to a Life of Marx

THE MAN OF LETTERS.—In reading Franz Mehring's book[1]—probably the best biography of Marx in any language, and certainly the one good treatment of his character that is available in English—I got the impression that part of his intellectual background has been badly neglected. Marx was of course a philosopher who developed out of Hegel, a political thinker stimulated by the French Utopian Socialists, an economist who adopted and transformed the theories of Adam Smith. "He was above all a revolutionary," as ten thousand people have quoted from Engels' address at his grave. But the same people forget that he was also, by taste and training, a man of letters. During his boisterous youth at the University of Berlin, he wrote three copybooks full of poems to Jenny von Westphalen. He decided—and rightly, thinks Mehring after seeing these verses—that his talent lay elsewhere; but all his life he continued to read poetry (Eschylus in Greek every year; Shakespeare and Goethe aloud to his children) and to take a poet's pains with the structure and style of his political writings. Indeed, I should guess that their literary form has had a great deal to do with their influence. Each of his books is boldly constructed, most of them are adorned with fine dramatic portraits, and all of them are rich in figures of speech. For example, "The Communist Manifesto" begins and ends with two subversive metaphors—"A spectre is haunting Europe" and "You have nothing to lose but your chains"—that have been almost as dangerous to the established order as the ideas framed between them.

As a man of letters, Marx was a Romantic of the second generation, the spiritual contemporary of Baudelaire and Flaubert. Like them he toiled at his desk—corrected, recopied, recorrected—and published nothing till he was sure of its absolute rightness. Like them he took pride in his isolation and his neglect by the conventional world; like them he despised the rabble of the half-educated. He reviled the bourgeois in a double sense, both as economic exploiters and as the enemies of honest writing. He suffered both as a rebel among reactionaries and as a genius among the Philistines. The revolution he desired was one that would not only free the proletariat from its chains of wage slavery, but also the creative spirit from its chains of convention.

And there is another sense in which he belonged to the Romantic school. It seems to me that he was touched with the spirit of Milton's Satan—a not improbable supposition, considering that the arch-revolutionist of "Paradise Lost" was a popular figure in all the revolutionary literature of the early nineteenth century. There was scarcely a poet who supported the revolutionary cause without invoking Satan: one can trace the line of them from Blake through Byron and Baudelaire down to Rimbaud and to the author of the "Internationale"—of which the second line, translated literally, is "Arise, ye *damned* of earth." The revolt against monarchism and capitalism was quite naturally identified with the revolt of the fallen angels. But in Marx's case, this conception is embodied in his life, rather than his writings; and it becomes especially manifest during the period of his exile and deep poverty in London. Driven headlong from their own country, separated from their families, their means of livelihood, their hopes of the future, the German refugees of 1849 were like Satan's cherubs after their nine days' fall from Heaven, as they "lay rowling in the fiery Gulf." And Marx was like Lucifer proclaiming, "All is not lost; the unconquerable Will"—Lucifer inciting his comrades

> To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
> Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe.

It might have been Lucifer speaking in that last editorial of Die Neue Rheinische Zeitung, when Marx addressed the Prussian monarchists who were suppressing his newspaper together with every other democratic activity. "Why bother with your foolish lies and official phrases? We are ruthless ourselves and we ask no consideration from you. When our turn comes, we shall make no apologies for our terrorism. . . ." Again, one hears the same Miltonic tone in the answer Marx gave to a deputation which asked by what right he and Engels spoke as the representatives of international labor. Marx told the deputation "that they had received their mandate as representatives of the proletarian party from no one but themselves, and that it had been confirmed by the general and particular hatred manifested toward them by all the parties of the old world."

This Luciferian pride, which Baudelaire and Flaubert would have understood (and which indeed they shared), was a quality that enabled him to survive those terrible years of exile when his friends were emigrating to America, or dying of tuberculosis and starvation, or going down among "the living dead" who had made their peace with the Prussian state. But the pride that sustained him also made his troubles worse by involving him in endless quarrels with those who were less proud and less uncompromising. It caused him to be attacked as "an ice-cold demagogue" and "a heartless intriguer." Marx did not answer these personal slanders. Only those nearest to him—Engels, Frau Marx, the children—guessed what he suffered during that period of loneliness and utter destitution.

Frau Marx.—Of Johanna Bertha Julie Jenny von Westphalen as she was in her youth, nothing survives except a daguerreotype that gives us a cloudy glimpse of white shoulders, a good-humored mouth and sober, big, appealing eyes. She was a baron's daughter, "the prettiest girl in Trier," "the queen of the ball." But she fell in love with a rebellious Jewish student somewhat younger than herself, and married him after an engagement that lasted from 1836 till 1843, seven long years. Then, after a short honeymoon, she followed him into exile, "the home of virtue."

She must have been happy enough in her love for her husband to forget the inconveniences they suffered at first.

[1] Karl Marx: The Story of His Life, by Franz Mehring. Trans-

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a revolution in prospect that would change their world. . . . But the revolution came, and it only meant that Karl squandered everything he had and everything he could borrow to keep his revolutionary newspaper running for a year. When they went back into exile with their three children, they had nothing, not even debts—only a ticket to show that Jenny Marx had pawned the family silver.

During their first years in London, they often went hungry; sometimes they lived for a month on bread and potatoes. Sometimes Karl could not leave the house because he had no shoes for his feet and, as she heard him growling to Fred Engels, "no coat to cover my behind." Sometimes the whole family was ill—Jenny and little Jenny and Lenchen their faithful servant; there would be no money to pay a doctor. Frau Marx did not mind for herself—"I am among the lucky ones, am specially favored, seeing that my dear husband is still at my side. But what really crushes me, what makes my heart bleed, is that my husband has to suffer so many paltry annoyances, that so few have come to his help."

Guido, her fourth child, died partly as a result of her tribulations. A few days before his death, she pitied him in a letter to one of their friends who had emigrated to America. "The poor little angel drank in so many cares and worries with his milk that he was always fretting and in violent pain day and night. . . . When thus afflicted, he sucked so vigorously that my nipple became irritated and bled; often the blood streamed into his little mouth." Her fifth child, Francisca, was born in the early spring of 1851 and survived until Easter, 1852. Frau Marx wrote in her diary, "For three days the poor child struggled against death and suffered much. Her small lifeless body rested in our little back room while we all went together into the front room and when night came we made up our beds on the floor. The three surviving children lay with us and we cried for the poor little angel. . . . Her death took place in a period of bitterest poverty. I went to a French refugee who lives near us and who had visited us shortly before. He received me with friendliness and sympathy and gave me two pounds and with that money I paid for the coffin in which my child could rest peacefully. She had no cradle when she was born. . . ." Her sixth child, Eleanor—"Tussy," they called her—was born prematurely; Frau Marx was proud of keeping her alive and thereby spiting all prophecies. But during the same year—1855—she suffered her worst blow with the illness of Edgar, her only son, "the life and soul of the house." He died in his father's arms. On that day and for ten years afterwards, Frau Marx kept saying that she wished she were in the grave with her children.

Years later, she wrote a letter of consolation to their friends the Sorges, who had lost two children during adolescence. She said, "I know only too well how terrible it is and how long it lasts before one can recover one's peace of mind after such a loss, but everyday life with its little pleasures and its great troubles, with all its petty worries and its minor torments, comes to our aid and gradually the great suffering is numbed by the troubles and worries of the moment, so that almost unnoticeably the violent anguish diminishes; not that such wounds ever heal completely, and certainly never in a mother's heart, but gradually one recovers one's receptiveness and even one's ability to feel new sufferings and new pleasures, and one lives on and on with a broken but still hopeful heart until finally it is stilled forever and eternal peace is there."

Frau Marx died slowly of cancer, suffering because she Moor," as his daughters called him, was dangerously ill with bronchitis and incipient pneumonia; they agonized in separate rooms. Little Tussy wrote, "I shall never forget the morning when he felt himself strong enough to get up and go into Mother's room. It was as though they were young again—she a loving girl and he an ardent youth starting out together through life, and not an old man shattered by ill health and a dying old lady taking leave of each other forever."

Marx survived his wife by fifteen months, but his spirit was broken. Fred Engels had said on the day of her death, "The Moor has also died." MALCOLM COWLEY.

A Nation and Its Artists

Art in America, edited by Holger Cahill and Alfred H. Barr Jr. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 162 pages. $3.50.

THE EDITORS have tried in this symposium to give a popular picture of the progress of the arts in America in the fields of painting, sculpture, architecture, stage design, photography and the motion picture, and to show what the main influences were. The book contains a great many illustrations (the chief source of pleasure in books on art). It catalogues the names of almost all the artists from colonial times to the present. The short biographical sketches of the early American artists are especially interesting as evidence of how these men adjusted themselves to the rigors of colonial life.

Art in America took a long time to get under way; it did not grow naturally as a part of the life and religion of the people. Far from encouraging the arts, the Puritan fathers looked upon them as frivolous, and usually they were carried on haphazardly by amateurs in rare moments of leisure. Very little of the early work had much artistic value. Its inspiration was English, and it could not avoid being undistinguished, judging from the state of the arts in the mother country at that time. Indeed, there is remarkably little in our artistic background to inspire future dictators to praise of the glory that was the thirteen original colonies.

Although it is futile to look for the source of a national art in our background (even the log cabin, sacred symbol of individualism, was imported by the Swedes), our patriots continue their desperate search for an art that is authentically American. Never before have the roots of a national culture been unearthed more diligently. Any manifestation, no matter how ephemeral, is seized upon so long as it promises to yield a distinctly American quality. A discovery popular with certain critics is summed up in the following quotation from the book: "American art acquired a habit of realism at an early stage—has clung to this habit through varying vicissitudes." To my mind this notion is nonsense. Realism is not peculiar to the American temperament; few countries have less claim to it. Realism is not a geographical accident, but a product of maturity that develops out of a seasoned culture. Our only artist (discovered recently after a lifetime of neglect) who can be said to have made a stumbling advance in this direction was Thomas Eakins; and even Eakins seems a dwarf when measured against Holbein, Velasquez or Goya.

Hope for an "American school" first arose after the War of 1812, when Americans, proud of their military power, first sensed their potential greatness. Artists who had expatriated themselves in the studios of Europe flocked homeward full of high hopes for the young republic and

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neo-classical style popular in Napoleonic France, they saw America as a reflection of the Roman republic. They were dismayed at the slight amount of interest they aroused. The editors of the present survey note that these artists "were out of tune with their times"—"their native land was not ready for the ambitious historical style." The most outstanding of them, John Vanderlyn, "died an embittered man, a frustrated champion of the grand style." His vision of America has been kept alive by innumerable disciples who have rendered beauty to our public buildings in that style to which we are now accustomed. Vanderlyn never knew what it felt like to shake hands with the government—there were no art projects in those days.

A long section on art in America since the Civil War, written by Holger Cahill, brings us up to the present time through all the international influences that affected us, mainly those of Munich and Paris. With the improved facilities of communication and the heavy immigration from Europe, we became part of the main stream of European civilization instead of one of its distant tributaries. Thus in America we felt the quake of the new doctrines at the same time and in the same degree as did the artists in Germany, Sweden, Russia and Italy. The national differences in adaptation were negligible. Impressionism became universal, and Cubism had its offshoots in Futurism in Italy, Expressionism in Germany, Constructivism in Russia, etc. The "impact of modern art" in America produced not a cult, but a technique that developed into more direct representationalism. Pure abstraction was rather short-lived here.

The fashions in art that emanated from Paris have been blamed for defiling our artistic consciousness. But no country can insulate itself against outside influences; and there is no formula by which a country can capture its own artistic spirit. The supremacy of the arts that has been held in France for the last hundred years is not impregnable. No nation or city has a natural monopoly of the art sense: Florence was the Paris of the fifteenth century, holding the cultural relationship to the world that Paris holds today. She exploited in the same capricious manner her latest style in charm. Holland (imagine the stodgy Dutch) held that position too, in the seventeenth century.

America, for all we know, may be the next artistic center of the world, but its artistic greatness will not be derived from its doubtful tradition. If we get anywhere, it will not be by making hypotheses out of what we imagine we ought to be, but rather by utilizing to the fullest extent our natural wealth instead of constraining it, and by attaining a social point of view broad enough to let us see beyond boundaries.

PETER BLUME.

The Man Who Made Himself

Epitaph on George Moore, by Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 56 pages. $1.25.

GEORGE MOORE wished that Mr. Morgan should be his biographer, but this became impossible when the owner of certain letters regarded by Moore as essential, refused to let anybody use them. These few pages, therefore, are confined to an effort to epitomize Moore's achievement as an artist. In them Mr. Morgan sums up concisely the qualities that render Moore a great and not altogether appreciated master of narrative prose.

"Your story," Moore had told him, "is of a man who made himself because he imagined himself, and you must discover when his imagination went with his nature and directed with infinite pains against the callousness of a weaker, an almost antagonistic part of himself—a kind of *Doppelgänger,* a foe living within the same body. His innumerable redrafts and revisions represented a slow triumph over the tactless and inveterate enemy. His self-discipline imposed the almost glacial connoisseurship, the rigorous detachment that produces both the calm mastery and the slightly repellent trance of his tone.

This was one element of Moore's achievement: the other was the smoothness of surface he attained by applying the cadence of oral story telling to literary narrative. This he wrought by deliberate linkages and interminglings of narrative, dialogue and reflection, all fluent, rhythmic and melodious, all parts of a structure at once musical and architectonic. Moore's attainment lies a little outside the present fashionable qualities in the novel, but he was a pure and single-minded artist whose full power will be rediscovered. Mr. Morgan's clear statement may well help that rediscovery.

EDGAR JOHNSON.

Two Working-Class Novels

The Iron Garden, by Simon Blumenfeld. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Stoker Bush, by James Hanley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

SAYS THE blurb writer of "The Iron Garden": "It is not that nondescript loosely known as a proletarian novel. Instead it is a work of art." He would have been correct had he reversed the terms. "It is not that nondescript loosely known as a work of art. Instead it is a proletarian novel." Later on he makes the inevitable and preposterous comparison with the books of Israel Zangwill. There is a good trade reason for both deceptions—it would be equally insulting to the blurb writer to consider them mistakes. There is a rumor in the trade that proletarian novels aren't popular, and Zangwill is the one writer whose novels of Jewish life have been consistent big sellers.

No, "The Iron Garden" is not a work of art. It does not make a new reality of the world it sketches; it is not profound, not subtle or expressed in a masterly style. Instead it is frequently clumsy. But Blumenfeld writes out of his own experience and he feels strongly about what he writes; and this intimacy of knowledge and feeling gives the book a more than ordinary strength. The setting is London's Jewish quarter, and it is remarkable how closely its circumstances and its human types parallel those of New York's East Side. Bourgeois types as well as workers are drawn, but the hatred as well as the love in the book is warm, human and fair.

The sexual relationship remains central in proletarian novels as elsewhere, but here rests on firmer ground because the early withering and barrenness are traced to their economic soil. In "The Iron Garden" the love destroyed by fear of the child that could not be provided for; the intrigue unconsummated when the gulf of class difference opens, in a swanky studio; the marriage to a prostitute (the first convincing one I have ever read) that succeeds because the man and woman help each other to live; these situations are successful not because the author is adroit but because the insight applied to them is realistic.

Hanley's novel, "Stoker Bush," is a different matter. Its people are also workers, the sailors and longshoremen of Liverpool harbor. When they are brought together in a group they sound authentic, and when an interior is de-

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authentic; and the reader has, if he enjoys that sort of thing, plenty of occasion to stop and reread paragraphs to enjoy the savor of excellent prose. And yet the book is cold, almost, one might say, insensate; and it leaves the reader cold. The objectivity of the characterization reaches almost clinical levels. Chris, who is tormented by his moody wife, Anne, to whom it has become painful to endure his love; Rooney, the impatient lover, and Harry, the father of Anne, who plays an unwilling part in the tragedy, are shown with extraordinary clearness. But, though you know completely the emotions that move these four, you don't feel them. The book is a virtuoso's performance on the theme of adultery. Hanley can reach the highest notes without squeaking and the lowest notes without grunting, and yet there is no music. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Emily Dickinson

Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 157 pages. $2.50.

THIS BOOK tells nothing new about Emily Dickinson; the picture is not changed. We have more poems than before, on the same themes, composed in the same delicious cadences. The proportions of success and failure are about what they were before—five or six dazzling tries to one accomplished fact. Those who like her face best vague and mystic may still find enough room for blur to keep it so. All the other ways of seeing Miss E. Dickinson of Amherst, Mass., are possible still, and will be possible—to our continual befuddlement—until Madame Bianchi yields to the request of those who have the gravity of this matter at heart. She could do three things to clear the ambiguity that has surrounded the work of this poet. First, she could give us an accurate list of all books owned by Emily Dickinson, with marginalia. Second, she could publish all poems still held. (The Book Buyer for May, 1892, said there were "at least twelve hundred poems catalogued, and no one knows how many more in a mass of notes-manuscript found among her possessions.") Third, she could place all manuscript in a library where a careful study of handwriting, watermark and identical passages would serve to establish approximate dates for the poems and so enable us to see the unfolding of Emily's mind, her genius. So far as I am concerned, she could then keep the chromo love story to herself and her heirs forever.

Emily Dickinson's inflated popularity has reached its high-water mark, has already dropped and will continue to fall, to the sober level of her proper place. She is no longer a discovery. She is now established as one of the three great poets of the nineteenth century in America. Some persons will continue to think that she is without question the greatest poet produced in our country so far. She will always have friends in excess of her established position; but she will never again have serious detractors; no textbook writer will be able to ignore her in a 6-point footnote again.

During the years just gone by Emily Dickinson's words of "consoling-upside-down" sounded, to those who were disillusioned with all their former guides, like a profound truth, forgotten and rediscovered. The old music of individualism, moral and spiritual strength triumphant—this was a good reply to Mr. Eliot's Wasteland. Her readers cherished her as more than a poet; they felt that she could tell them how to live. For this insight into her great George Whicher of Amherst, whose suggestion can be expanded to explain what meaning she will have for us in the future.

Emily Dickinson's dualism, her location of all power over cruel circumstance in the soul, her tendency to renunciation and resignation, her struggle with external facts and the conclusion—

> Captivity's consciousness,
> So's liberty!

—all these "truths" are reactionary in the light of imperatives today.

Those who wish to find rebellion, doubt, impudence or blasphemy in her writing can find as much as they desire; but they cannot deny the strong general trend toward a childlike obedience. Emily Dickinson is unique among poets in her passion for seeing things as they are:

> Faith is a fine invention
> For gentlemen who see;
> But microscopes are prudent
> In an emergency!

Her first vitality lies in this love of screwing the glass down to focus on the fact. If she had taken the next step, to use her will on that fact. . . . But she turned the other way. She could not cope with the fact—except in the Soul. Her obedience is the transfer of her will from the outside world to the inner world of the mind, the heart, the imagination.

And she says, Are you defeated? You need not be—in the Soul. Are you hungry, imprisoned and afraid? You need not be if you use the Soul and its Society. I open this book and find the rebel and the obedient child side by side:

> Feet small as mine have marched in revolution
> Firm to the drum;
> Hands not so stout hoisted them in witness
> When speech went numb.
> Let me not shame their sublime deportments
> Drilled bright—
> Beckoning Etruscan invitation
> Toward Light!

"Revolution is the pod systems rattle from," she says. Yes, she was on the side of liberty and abundant life, no doubt of that. She was insurgent. But she was isolated, she was an individualist, and the problem of God and immortality and the soul were still very real problems. After failure they supplied a formula for victory. She lacked a first principle until she found the soul; under defeat the soul redoubled its powers and rose above all material considerations. The implication is the inevitability of defeat.

It is this assumption that our time is rejecting. Should we reject the poet who saw no other way out when she searched her meager world for an answer to the prime question? Certainly, the answer is that we cannot reject her—she took the idea to its limit, her poetry is the poetry of desperate needs, the poetry of probing and searching. Placed in her time, with her answer, she becomes one of the truest voices of a past dilemma:

> Somehow myself survived the night
> And entered with the day;
> That it be saved—the saved suffice
> Without the formula.
>
> Henceforth I take my living place
> As one commuted, led
> A candidate for morning chance—
> But dated with the dead.

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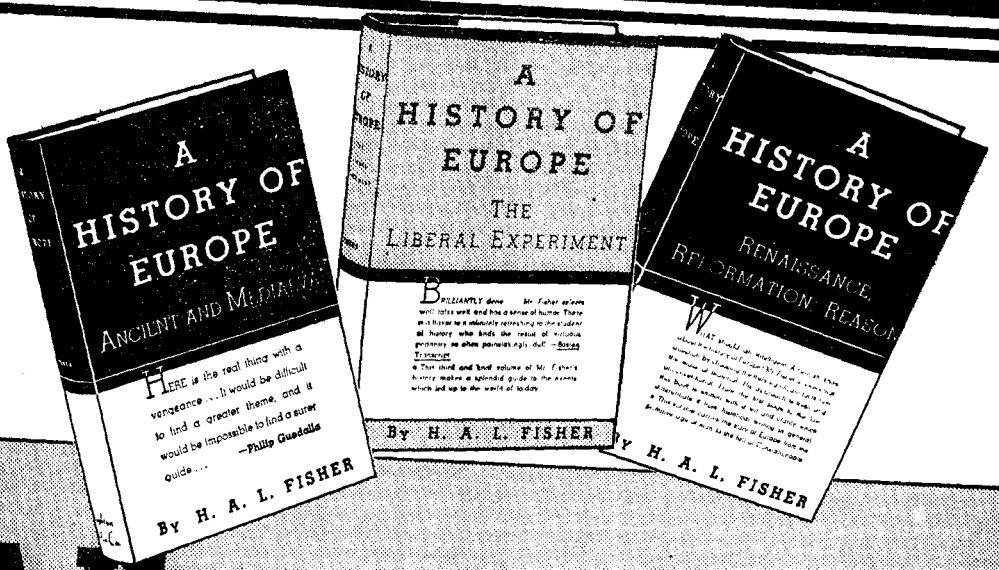
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A Check List of Midwinter Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

ALMA MATER: The Gothic Age of the American College, by Henry Seidel Canby (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Canby at Yale: a book of pleasantly written and not uncritical memories.

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER, by Edwin A. Falk (Longmans, Green, $4). A long, documented life of the great Japanese admiral.

THE WAY OF A TRANGRESSOR, by Negley Farson (Harcourt, Brace, $3). A reckless life in some ways paralleling Vincent Sheean's—with more adventure and no philosophy at all.

NEVER SAY DIE, by John Paton (Longmans, Green, $2.50). The education, struggles and humorous misadventures of a Scotch labor leader.

GENERAL

SWEDEN: THE MIDDLE WAY, by Marquis W. Childs (Yale, $2.50). A picture of a country that is comfortably inching along toward socialism.

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? by Paul de Kruif (Harcourt, Brace, $3). A research scientist is appalled by the discrepancy between the progress of medicine and the stagnation of society at large. (March.)

CAN WE BE NEUTRAL? by Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong (Harpers, $1.50). The answer is "Perhaps."

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX, by Havelock Ellis (Random House, 4 vols., $15). The complete text of this extensive work, hitherto available only to specialists. (Late February.)

NOT FROM HEAVEN: The Story of the American Constitution, by Morris Ernst (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). Who wrote the Constitution, and with what unheavenly aims. (March.)

HISTORY OF EUROPE: Volume III; The Liberal Experiment, by H. A. L. Fisher (Houghton Mifflin, $4). In this final volume of an ambitious work, Professor Fisher deals with the last 150 years. (Late February.)

THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS, by C. C. Furnas (Reynal and Hitchcock-John Day, $3). The problems that science hasn't yet solved.

INSIDE EUROPE, by John Gunther (Harpers, $3.50). A foreign correspondent talks entertainingly about the European scene, giving backstage views of the actors.

WE EUROPEANS, by Julian Huxley and A. C. Haddon (Harpers, $2.50). A scientific study of the current theories and realities of race and nationality.

AMERICAN CHAMBER OF HORRORS, by Ruth de Forest Lamb (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). The government's war against poisoned foods and poisonous medicines.

OUT OF THE NIGHT: A Biologist's View of the Future, by H. J. Muller (Vanguard, $1.50). A picture of what biologists might do to improve the human race.

THE RULERS OF AMERICA, by Anna Rochester (International, $2.50). A careful study of American plutocrats and their power over the nation.

WHERE LIFE IS BETTER, by James Rorty (Reynal and Hitchcock-John Day, $3). Reviewed in this issue.

M-DAY, by Rose M. Stein (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Steps toward the next great war, as revealed by a study of the causes that forced us into the last one.

SOVIET COMMUNISM: A NEW CIVILIZATION? by Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Scribner's, 2 vols., $7.50). Possibly the most thorough and judicial study yet made of the Soviets—in England it was called "not a book but an event." (March.)

THE EVE OF 1914, by Theodor Wolff (Knopf, $4.50). The former editor of the Berliner Tageblatt writes a personalized history of Europe on the eve of conflict. (Late February.)

AMERICAN LABOR STRUGGLES, by Samuel Yellen (Harcourt, Brace,

FICTION

FREEDOM, FAREWELL, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan, $2.50). About Julius Caesar and the end of the Roman Republic; the present mirrored in the past. (Late February.)

THE HOUSE IN PARIS, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf, $2.50). The author of "To the North" writes her best novel. (March.)

THE WHITE HORSES OF VIENNA, and other stories, by Kay Boyle (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Kay Boyle, in good form.

THE EXILE, by Pearl S. Buck (Reynal and Hitchcock-John Day, $2.50). A book about the novelist's mother, the wife of a missionary in the interior of China.

PERISH IN THEIR PRIDE, by Henry de Montherlant (Knopf, $2.50). A family of French aristocrats and their final decay.

THE SON OF MARIETTA, by Johan Fabricius (Little, Brown, $3). This year's "Anthony Adverse"—the very long story of an eighteenth-century Italian waif who came to a rope's end.

THE JEW OF ROME, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking, $2.50). The problems of the modern Jew carried back into the Flavian dynasty and embodied in the historian Josephus.

NO VILLAIN NEED BE, by Vardis Fisher (Doubleday, Doran and The Caxton Printers, $2.50). The last volume of a tetralogy. (March.)

DOCTOR MORATH, by Max René Hesse (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). The story of a German doctor in Buenos Aires—one of the few interesting novels that have been published in Hitler's Germany.

IN THE SECOND YEAR, by Storm Jameson (Macmillan, $2.50). What happened under a fascist dictatorship in England.

DAYS OF WRATH, by André Malraux (Smith and Haas, $1.50). A short and powerful novel about a Communist in a German prison. (March.)

THE SURROUNDED, by D'Arcy McNickle (Dodd, Mead, $2). A novel about a young half-caste Indian and his race problem.

THE LAST PURITAN, by George Santayana (Scribner's, $2.75). A subtle and eloquent obituary of the New England conscience.

THE HURRICANE, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown, $2.50). A Tahitian melodrama, and a good one.

INHALE AND EXHALE, by William Saroyan (Random House, $2.50). Stories mostly about Saroyan. (Late February.)

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE, by John Steinbeck (Covici, Friede, $2.50). The exciting story of an apple-pickers' strike in California.

HEAD O' W-HOLLOW, by Jesse Stuart (Dutton, $2.50). Kentucky backwoods stories told by the author of "Man with a Bull Tongue Plow." (March.)

THE THINKING REED, by Rebecca West (Viking, $2.50). Miss West's first novel in six years deals with an American woman in fashionable Europe. (March.)

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN, by Arnold Zweig (Viking, $2.50). The author of "Sergeant Grisha" returns to the War. (February.)

DRAMA, VERSE AND CRITICISM

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson (Little, Brown, $2.50). Reviewed in this issue.

COLLECTED POEMS OF T. S. ELIOT (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A complete edition, including the choruses from "The Rock." (March.)

BREAK THE HEART'S ANGER, by Paul Engle (Doubleday, Doran, $2). The author of "American Song" rubs his eyes and half-wakens from the American dream.

PARADISE LOST, by Clifford Odets (Random House, $2). A rich, moving, overcrowded play.

BEFORE THE BRAVE, by Kenneth Patchen (Random House, $2.). The first book of a poet whose work has been appearing in The New Republic, The New Masses, etc.

THE DESTRUCTIVE ELEMENT, by Stephen Spender (Houghton

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Rorty's America: Divided Verdict[1]

Where Life Is Better, an Unsentimental American Journey, by James Rorty. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock (a John Day Book). 383 pages. $3.

JAMES RORTY is the latest blindfolded man to indulge in tactile exploration of the American elephant. But, unlike John Spivak, who hit upon the elephant's two tusks and declared forthwith that the animal was a revolutionary beast who would presently gore his tormentors to death, Mr. Rorty seems to have groped around a bit more thoroughly. It is true that the animal has tusks, and he may use them intelligently. But Mr. Rorty felt of the ponderous feet and said, "He may stampede in fright toward the woods of fascism." He felt of the trunk, which has for years sucked in the free peanuts of inflated land values and Insull stock racketeering, and he said, "The animal is undoubtedly an elephant, and an elephant never forgets. Unfortunately, all this elephant has to remember is the American Dream." And then, taking a tour of the pachydermatous bulk, Mr. Rorty came upon the fat and flabby haunches. "This elephant," he said, "is lazy. He likes to sit down and wait." Sherwood Anderson, who merely felt of the air surrounding the elephant, has declared that the animal has a soul and is hungering for a faith. But Mr. Rorty, whose wandering fingers are also a bit psychic, says, "No, the elephant is not exactly hungering for a faith; he is waiting to fuse his energies in an obliterating act of war. He is pretty annoyed at the short hay rations, but he hasn't yet thought the problem through. Someday it will be too much for him and he will go berserk."

Of course, much will depend on the elephant's corps of mahouts. Mr. Rorty liked the mahouts who organized the Ohio Unemployed League. He thought Phil La Follette an intelligent mahout, but doubted his ability to implant new values in the elephant's brain in time to prevent a stampede. The trouble with Olson of Minnesota is that he is waiting opportunistically for the elephant to make up his own mind. The mahouts of the far Northwest and California want to beat the elephant back into the pen and feed him some more peanuts from the fast-emptying bag of the American Dream. Huey Long, the animal trainer from Winn Parish, thought the elephant could go on with a night-and-day circus performance without food, and just as he had got the animal trained to dance on one foot, juggle three balls in the air and play on a saxaphone, the damned beast slipped out of sheer weakness and crushed Huey. Other mahouts of the circus persuasion hope to prove more agile. The Communists seek to persuade the animal to go on strike against the circus company store and the stretch-out of the continuous performance.

Speaking seriously, Mr. Rorty's book, while it will clear up few intellectual doubts in the mind of the inquiring reader, is a fine impressionistic job. He can't tell where the country is going, but he is excellent at drawing a plague map. What I got out of "Where Life Is Better" was a heightened awareness of the spots where trouble will continue to pop. Mr. Rorty makes one reasonably sure that the vast majority of Americans, while they may still be crying for the moon, are certainly not crying for a dose of Fletcher's Republican castoria. Fletcher may think he understands elephants from past contacts, but Rorty is

WHEN YOU decide to try to see America you start out from a point by train or car or freight or bus and go in any possible direction—all of it is America—and stop off anywhere at all and watch people and talk to people; but don't ask them questions, because people never answer questions, they always tell you the things they think you want to hear; and you try to live with people and try to find that thing in them which is so typical of them that it's not unusual, not news to them. The facts that in the Imperial Valley the Mexican workers live right in the gumbo-like wet fields and get their drinking water from the drainage ditches (Mr. Rorty was in the Imperial Valley, but he was so busy making news himself that he missed this fact) or that in northern Colorado when beet-picking time comes around they close all the schools and the kids work in the fields from dark until it's dark again, these facts are not news, but they are interesting to the outside world; and when after a week, a month, a year, or most of your lifetime, you get enough of these facts so that they begin to form a pattern in your mind, explain something and answer certain questions, and you're a writer, you write a book about America.

But just as you've started from a point in space, so you write from a point of view. You can't write, and have the book make sense, if one day you are a landowner in Easton, Connecticut, and the next day an objective newspaper reporter, and then an indignant liberal threatening a war-minded hitch-hiker with a monkey wrench, and then a homely philosopher pondering over a poor Detroit prostitute like O. Henry; then suddenly a symbolist, an esthete proclaiming the futility of the Chicago Sky Ride; then burst out with a poem about the Chicago Fair, wondering what did the middle-aged, middle-class mother want who went to see the squirming belly dancer; muckraker in Minnesota and engineer at the Grand Coulee Dam; then suddenly a newly risen Merton of the movies, "My head full of big ideas for the picturization of what I had seen and thought," but frustrated and heartbroken and back on the road, to rise again as a martyred champion of free speech.

All this may seem very funny, but I've described only a few of Mr. Rorty's quick changes on the road. Besides having a costuming department, he maintained a statistical department which decided that "five percent of the population . . . are at all conscious politically and socially"; also a pick-and-choose department that picked of all the various unemployment organizations that exert pressure on relief authorities only one worthy of notice—the one led by the American Workers' Party (advt.), to which Mr. Rorty is politically sympathetic.

Mr. Rorty rode over the hill and down the dale; he was Harun-al-Rashid one moment, reporter the next, then a sweet and innocent and heartbroken child; and then a wild revolutionary looking so far left of himself he saw everything cockeyed; he was an Isaiah prophesying war; he was ingenuous, sophisticated, world-weary, naïve, and he probably had a very good time traveling; but he wasn't smart or slow or humble enough to get to see America.

NATHAN ASCH.

[1] John Chamberlain, author of "Farewell to Reform," is leaving his post as book reviewer for The New York Times to join the

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Giants of Modern Architecture

The Architecture of H. H. Richardson and His Times: 1838-1886, by Henry-Russell Hitchcock Jr. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 189 pages, 145 plates. $6.

Louis Sullivan: Prophet of Modern Architecture, by Hugh Morrison. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 391 pages, illustrated. $4.

THESE two biographies bear witness to the fact that the day of pleading for a usable past is now over: Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's plea has been heeded, and the American past is now coming into its own as part of the living tissue of the present.

It is more than thirty years since Montgomery Schuyler's monograph on the work of Adler and Sullivan appeared. Until more than forty years after Richardson's death he was, critically speaking, forgotten, or passed over with a word or two of contemptuous praise. As far as fame went, Sullivan was more fortunate: he had always a handful of passionate admirers; Mr. Claude Bragdon had paid tribute to him in his "Architecture of Democracy," and in 1922 Mr. Charles Harris Whitaker persuaded Sullivan to write his autobiography and even published his final work on ornament. But the great works of art these two men had created were neglected; and their significance both for their country and for the development of modern architecture was belittled, or completely ignored.

No more different personalities than those of Richardson and Sullivan can be imagined. Yet their work was closely related, and the most sympathetic and just criticism of Richardson's work will be found in Sullivan's own "Kindergarten Chats." In the development of the tradition of modern building in America, Richardson is what the French would call the precursor: Sullivan was the initiator; while Wright, Sullivan's greater pupil, was the continuator who widened the field of experiment and demonstrated that there was no inherent conflict between the universalism of the machine vernacular and that feeling for site and countryside and region which Richardson was the first to develop in America after our provincial architecture had been submerged by academic snobbery and gentlemanly good taste.

Richardson was the oldest of this group, and he had certain advantages of endowment and opportunity and personality that make him, all things considered, the outstanding architect of the nineteenth century—provided that one forfends invidious comparison by placing both Wright and Sullivan within the frame of the twentieth century. Though Richardson was in a sense the last of the great Romantic architects, keeping to traditional carpentry and masonry and traditional methods of work, he was fully in harmony with the dominant forces of his time: instead of struggling vainly against them, he turned them to higher uses. He lives not by his few great mansions and churches: he lives, rather, by his railroad stations and his libraries, by his Marshall Field Warehouse and his modest shingled wooden cottages—the latter being, with Wright's prairie houses, the most authentically American domestic architecture we have created: a standing reproach to the dull Georgian and early republican interpretations that followed them twenty years later. With the exception of the first few uncertain steps of his apprentice years, Richardson's development from 1873 to his death in 1886 was firm and steady: by 1886 he had laid down the foundations, in form, in feeling and in plan, of modern architecture.

Sullivan, watching the erection of Richardson's finest buildings in Chicago in the eighties, took up the

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most at the point where Richardson was forced to drop it. But his career offers a great contrast to Richardson's. Once Richardson had passed the foothills, he climbed steadily toward the summit, whereas Sullivan's ups and downs are as erratic as a fever chart: he dared more greatly than Richardson and put his name on a whole chain of architectural peaks, and yet the last thirty years of his life were spent, for the most part, in the enervating lowlands, and he compensated himself for the scarcity of his commissions by an overindulgence in indigestible ornament. Even in the most active part of his life, he had his ups and downs: thus the inappropriate caprice of the Bayard Building in New York (1897) comes between the strong firm lines of the Walker Warehouse (1888) and his outstanding achievement in commercial buildings, the Carson, Pirie Scott Building (1899-1904).

Sullivan was undoubtedly the keener thinker, with a gift for objective analysis that was as forthright on his plans as it was in his written essays: he had read widely in his contemporaries, knew his Michelet, his Taine, his Darwin and his Whitman, and consciously projected himself into the positive forces and movements that were astir about him. Richardson, on the other hand, was the more richly integrated and better harmonized personality. In Richardson's work there is not the gap between form and feeling, between plan and decoration, that there is in Sullivan's: the man was of a piece, and his architecture was of a piece, and if he lacked Sullivan's concern with ideas, no one had more of the contemporary milieu in his bones than this same Richardson. The essential difference betwen the two men could be felt in their drafting rooms. In his great days Sullivan, with the exception of a favorite pupil like Wright or Elmslie, treated his co-workers with haughty disdain: he remained encased in his own ego, laying down the law from a private Sinai. Richardson, on the other hand, apparently had a very well balanced domestic life; and he treated his least apprentice as a work-comrade, indeed as a member of the family, as in the days of the guilds.

Both books under review are important because they cover exhaustively the architectural achievements of these men, and expose with fullness the material upon which all future judgments of their work will have to be based. Except in building up Richardson's early architectural background, Professor Hitchcock avoids biography completely; Professor Morrison goes at greater length into Sullivan's life; but he does not, I feel, grapple with all of its enigmas and difficulties. If Sullivan's diminished career after the World's Fair of 1893 had been due solely to the depression and the rise of a financial oligarchy and the timid taste of the *nouveaux riches* it would be hard to explain why, during this same period, Sullivan's uncompromising successor, Wright, rode on to prosperity. But although Sullivan's personality still remains a teasing problem for the analyst of character, Morrison has done a very able work of analysis and appreciation, well proportioned, generous and on all essential points just. Hitchcock has accomplished an equally valuable piece of research in detailing the influences that played on Richardson and in examining his earliest buildings: that work, too, will not have to be done again. While both books are meant for people who have already a well developed interest in architecture, no library that seeks to deal adequately with either modern architecture or American culture can afford to be without these volumes. They mark a new stage in American architectural criticism: or rather, they reach again the high point achieved long ago by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer and Montgomery Schuyler.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The New Fiction

The White Horses of Vienna and Other Stories, by Kay Boyle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE TITLE story of this collection won the O. Henry award for 1935. It tells of a Nazi doctor playing politics with a marionette theatre at the time of the Dollfuss assassination. It centers ostensibly around the Heimwehr-Nazi hostility, but is an indirect treatment of the Nazi-Jewish question. The story is more subtle than it is deep, so subtle that one wonders just where to take hold. But here, and in seventeen other stories, Kay Boyle builds up a preparation little short of perfect and withholds the full meaning until the culminating sentences. The effect is more one of completion than of surprise.

"Life Being the Best" is one of the most touching stories of the book. It is a study of a teacher's unwitting influence on a small boy's mind, and of the obscure mechanism with which suggested but disconnected thoughts are linked with emotions to find issue in the most tragic of acts. There is something so vulnerable about characters like Young Palavicini that they invite tragedy. And, since Kay Boyle is no halfway writer, it is tragedy that they get. But so light, so subtle is the touch that tragedy drifts in like a puff of air before it crushes its victims. Of almost as fine a metal are "Natives Don't Cry" and "White As Snow," which deal respectively with an English governess indulging in falsehood to appease frustration, and with Carrie, a Negro woman, in a losing fight against racial prejudice.

Horror, callousness and irony may also be found in some of these stories. Others, like "Dear Mr. Walrus" and "Keep Your Pity," have an artificial set-up and trick ending entirely out of touch with credible realities. Kay Boyle is at her best when she keeps to the human side; when she deals with people whose common characteristic is a reserve, an emotional sheath, which shifts the significance of the story from self-revelation through speech to an undercurrent of thoughts and reactions. Those who have been young and climbed mountains and desired a woman will remember "Peter Foxe"; those who have gone to bed with someone and climbed mountains but wanted love, will remember "Maiden Maiden." Throughout all these stories, one feels the presence of a venturesome mind perpetually turning analysis into sympathy. FRANCES VALENSI.

Actor's Blood, by Ben Hecht. New York: Covici, Friede. $2.

THERE are three stories in this collection of eight that interested me, seeming good in their own right. Of the rest, "Crime Without Passion" may be read profitably as a study in how a story by Mr. Hecht was made into a movie by Mr. Hecht; but the others were possibly spoiled with too much straining (all these coy overtures to the macabre and supernatural) and certainly dullish. Ben Hecht is a flashy writer, quick and cocky with images but never knowing where to draw the line; rather direct of progress but toward no very interesting end. He has been around and he is nobody's fool, except possibly his own; and while he is the sort of quicksilver, experimental chap who should not be discouraged (he is accurate and at home with Broadway, Hollywood, the city desk, high life in general and God knows what not), more quiet and less adventurous souls cannot read him quietly without the feeling that all this effervescence and electric energy result largely in fizzwater. Under the right circumstances he is in the

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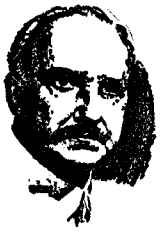

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did on the sadder case of Mr. Noel Coward, his "Design for Living").

In this book he has "Snowfall in Childhood"—a simple piece, atmospheric, vague and hazy but with a good recollection of distant moods—and two stories where he seems to be telling a story, humbly enough, without pretensions or arch to-do, out of experience and well. "The Boy Pirate" is a burlesque, all about involvements and counterplots in the movie industry, fairly pointed and good stuff. In "The Widow Cagle's Trousers" he is back in newspaper days, seeing through but still under the spell of a terrible sleuthing fraud from a rival paper, getting taken for a hell of a chase through the blizzard, and all that. On paper as on the screen, Mr. Hecht is a good writer within certain definite limits, of which limits he is apparently not aware. O. F.

Career, by Phil Stong. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

MR. STONG'S eye has not dimmed, nor his natural strength abated. This rapid story of the Iowa Wise Man, who from his country store reads the omens of an economic blizzard and manages to provision the Tribe, entertains one well. It has dramatic fascination, a gorgeous sense of the physical—in humor, in swift young love on hot summer nights, in group excitements—and characterization superficially "as honest as a milk bottle."

But a certain tractlike unctuousness makes one wonder if the author perceived the tragic implications of his scrutiny of a cell of American society. Carl Kreuger, so unvaryingly sane, temperate even in happiness; Clem Bartholomew, fatty-minded banker, the agent of disaster; Ray Kreuger, overpoweringly wholesome, loving his dear so much and honor, easily, so much more—their spirits overflow no barriers through personal calamity, nor do their crucial decisions and adjustments make for growth in the book's real protagonist, the community. Less comfortable, more anxious, the defrauded bank depositors transfer responsibility to an honest, able man from one whom they had believed to be honest and able. The conventions of their thoughts and emotions are quite unchanged. They remain unaware that "there was no such place" as Pittsville, that the real threat to their security is not the local petty thief but the nation's brigand psychology, in which they acquiesce.

The action takes place in 1928, so the book's conclusion is the perfection of irony, intended or unconscious. For it flies the flag of a lost faith—that "American" probity and shrewdness are strong as fate. STELLA J. ROOF.

Innocent Summer, by Frances Frost. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE SCENE of Miss Frost's first novel is a village in Vermont and there are six leading characters, all children, all hypersensitive and all, spasmodically, Miss Frost. In between times, when they are at home or in school or playing with their friends, they act their ages: they giggle and weep and trade treasures and are frightened, they teeter between sadness and satisfaction, they fall in love. In their pleasures especially, the author's understanding of them is startling. Mart's conversations with her doll, Sam mowing lawns, Dorothy, aged five, dressed in frills and wanting to hammer—these are written without a trace of the usual inverted snobbery that goes into the portrayal of children.

But when their minds are explored the children slip out

same person, and that person not a child at all. Even when the thoughts attributed to them are plausible they are often distorted by subjective excursions written in the first person, in language that no child ever used, and few adults. Take this, from a twelve-year-old: "I hug my grief to me . . . I feed it with my love." A certain cloud formation looks to Paul, a hard-working farmer's boy, "like a dream of legendary space." Don, who will die of tuberculosis in the second section, is more or less an extension of Miss Frost's "Poem for Youth" that begins: "The mind is vulnerable to the slight death of a leaf." That is all right in a poem, but I doubt if any child ever thought of "the seeds of anguish" in his "vulnerable mind."

Miss Frost is better known as a poet than as a prose writer, and perhaps this novel should be reviewed as poetry. As fiction it is overloaded with detail and uneven; but there are passages—descriptions, say, of a caterpillar or light on hemlock boughs—that have the acute and static quality of the author's better poems. These passages are far more successful as separate pieces than in relation to the characters who make the observations. In the midst of so much description, the crises of the book—Paul's suicide, Sam's first meeting with his father—become its weakest points and are no more poles of interest than the stuffed parrot that Fern found one day in the attic.

ELEANOR CLARK.

Black Thunder, by Arna Bontemps. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN THE fall of 1800, Virginia was profoundly shaken by a slave insurrection, headed by a young Negro named Gabriel. It failed because on the night appointed for the conspirators to march on Richmond and seize the arsenal the country was flooded by a rainstorm of unprecedented violence. Some of the rebels were unable to reach their destination. Others took fright because of the delay and frustration of their original plan. There were desertions and finally betrayal by one of them, the disgruntled would-be-leader, Pharaoh. Pharaoh's information spread panic among white Virginians at the boldness of Gabriel's plan and the number of supporters he had been able to rally. Vengeance was swift and crushing not only on such actual participants as were caught but on many innocent Negroes, while white men suspected of sympathy with the slaves or of any "foreign" radicalism were also hunted down. Gabriel, hiding in a coastwise steamer and biding his time for a further attempt, was caught and hanged. He freely admitted his leadership in the revolt and his plans but refused to implicate anyone else.

Mr. Bontemps' recreation of this historical incident is at once faithful and imaginative. It does for Gabriel and his venture something akin to what Leonard Ehrlich did for John Brown's raid in "God's Angry Man." Writing with great restraint he conveys in a deeply moving manner the tragic dignity of his subject. Gabriel had modeled himself on Toussaint L'Ouverture but lacked his advantages. He undoubtedly had some of the same gifts of leadership. Thomas Callendar, Jefferson's friend, wrote that "his behavior under misfortune was such as might be expected from a mind capable of forming the daring project he had conceived." Mr. Bontemps has been equally successful with some of the minor characters, and especially with Ben, the docile, elderly house boy. Ben had been overborne into joining the rebels, even while he trembled to think of his masters falling into their hands, and, torn between conflicting fears and loyalties, finally added his betrayal to that of Pharaoh.

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